



Why do the  
Angels of  
Love cry ?-  
Philosophical  
and love  
poems

Sorin Cerin

**SORIN CERIN**

**- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and  
love poems**

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**2021**

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#### **1. Only Then**

Then,  
when the Being,  
will pass into Non-Being,  
and Death,  
it will receive the Dawns of my Feelings,  
dressed,  
with the Breaths of the Words,  
what have carried me on the wings of Poetry,  
from which, the Soul has built its,  
Windows of Light,  
which have lifted me up with much,  
above this World,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death, ...

Then,  
when the Star of Love,  
it won't belong to me anymore,  
and not even the Falling Stars,  
of the Dreams from until now,...

Then,  
when the Hearts of your Feelings,  
will be forgotten pages,  
and they will lie somewhere broken,  
stained by the rains of Indifference,  
crumpled by heavy steps,  
of the Days of Loneliness, ...



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Then,  
when the body of your Smile,  
will be thrown to the deserted corners,  
of the Non-being,  
from whence Nobody,  
will never come to lift him,  
for to blow into him, Life,  
not even the Non-Senses of Existence, ...

Then,  
when the Feelings will fall deep,  
from the Hearts of Hopes,  
what have burned so much for us,  
that they transformed us,  
the whole Present in an Ashes,  
who can no longer tell us, Nothing, ...

Then,  
when the Souls of the Words,  
which we will no longer address them to us, ever,  
they will disappear with us,  
in the decomposed Darkness of Habit,  
from which, Death has its built,  
a true kingdom of Indifference, ...

Then,  
when from the body of the Sky of a Glance,  
we will no longer build cathedrals,  
with Wings of Dreams,  
where the Saints and Icons,  
our own Love,  
to they be able to fly with them,

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beyond, ourselves,  
overcoming all the limits of this World, ...

Then,  
when from all the immensity of the Universe,  
you will not reap, than the Compromise,  
which you will make,  
with the Vanity of this World ...

Then,  
when, you will notice,  
in every Flower of Truth,  
which I ever gave you,  
only the Absurd,  
and you will decide that it is worth snatched,  
from the dry dust of the Love,  
which is shattered, in vain,  
in the fists of deep Wrinkles,  
of the Indifference, ...

Then,  
when, they won't interest you anymore,  
nor the bouquets, of, withered Moments,  
kept in the chipped vases of the Memories,  
whose Eyes of Sky have dried up,  
in order to no longer look in vain at,  
the Ocean of Unrests,  
whose waves,  
wash the soles of the Regrets,  
moistening them with the Hearts in tears,  
of the same Falling Stars,  
to whom I felt,  
somewhere - sometime a Fear,  
that they could be ours,

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which, neither she, no longer exists,  
now,...

Then,  
when you will decide,  
that everything is in vain,  
even the Truth,  
who left us,  
with the dew of the hot Dawns,  
from the Feelings,  
now decomposed,  
of a Boundlessness,...

Then,  
when, on the face of your Tear,  
my Soul will no longer flow,  
when the cheeks of the Memory,  
will be covered,  
by the dust of the Moments of Forgetfulness,  
what they seem to have extinguished, long before,  
than the Weather,  
the Star,  
which, you thought that it was burning for us, ...

Only,  
Then,  
to you know that I died.

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#### **2. Why do the Angels of Love cry?**

I am running,  
among sheaves of Dreams,  
cut by the sickle of the Illusions of Death,  
and placed on the forehead of the Wrinkles,  
which have separated us from ourselves,  
drowning us in the incandescent lava,  
of the Remorse,  
from whose body,  
we have built Hearts of Restlessness,  
which to crush us,  
with their uncontrolled beatings,  
absurd and cold,  
the Hopes,  
what still have the courage to ask,  
about us.

It's raining,  
with the Stone Hearts of Memories,  
over the Endless of the Loneliness,  
which we must accompany him,  
on his way to the Death,  
to which we owe,  
with your own Love,  
which rusted,  
at the corners of the Expectations,  
longer and more unbearable,  
of the Happiness,

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what withered in the bouquet of Regrets,  
which I offered you,  
at the ball of a Destiny,  
so corrupted,  
by the Illusions of Life,  
so that none of us,  
we never knew,  
that still before we were born,  
we were embalmed,  
by the Suffering,  
in the Non-Senses of Existence,  
of a God of the Nobody.

I shout deaf,  
asking,  
- Why do the Angels of Love cry ?,  
at the windows of Paradise ?,  
although they should be happier,  
than is the Truth,  
which we have lost,  
to the gnawed dice of a Future,  
which has forgotten to share to us, too,  
the winning numbers,  
on which she bet,  
the Love,  
when,  
being a child,  
she believed in vain,  
that our whole Glance,  
it will belong to her forever,  
on the Horizons of the Boundlessness,  
on which she often liked,  
to run.

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We build,  
the walls of homeless Identities,  
with increasingly sick Moments,  
what, they seem to no longer heal ever,  
from the coldness of the Infidelities of the Absurd,  
in whose arms,  
we are forced,  
to carry on the shoulders of the Helplessness,  
the Life,  
of so many Vanities,  
increasingly heavy and Meaningless,  
seeking in vain the Way,  
to meet us again,  
on the zebra of Good and Evil,  
the saving Death,  
alongside which we intersected,  
for the first time,  
with the bright Spring,  
of the buds of Feelings,  
whose Leaves,  
seem to have fallen,  
long before the Weather,  
from the branches,  
now dry,  
from which the Suffering,  
has built us,  
the Tombs of Words,  
joining us,  
as if nothing had happened,  
to the multicolored carpets,  
so rotten,  
in their depth,  
of a Daily,

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where we each became,  
the same Nobody,  
who passes carelessly,  
next to the other.

Faith,  
you are everything that you remained to me,  
from the Eyelids of Eternity,  
which I held her by the hand of the Hope,  
begging her not to let you,  
from the arms of her Absolute Truth,  
on the waves of which, I would have wished,  
so much,  
to sail together,  
crossing the Worlds of Existences,  
on the Heart of Fire,  
of the Love,  
whose wreck,  
it lies now, extinguished,  
hidden,  
and sunk,  
in the cold and indifferent depths,  
of a Darkness of Forgetfulness,  
whence none,  
we no longer succeed to find her,  
to rekindle her,  
ever.

I promise,  
to never ask again,  
why are they crying,  
the Angels of Love,  
without us ?,  
maybe because they lost,

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the Paradise,  
and they wander,  
among the rotten roots,  
of the Expectations,  
increasingly long and heavy,  
which, they press us, even Death,  
to whom I have asked,  
not once,  
to save us,  
from the bitter arms,  
of the Tears of Loneliness,  
which the Future pours them to us,  
in the cups of nowhere,  
of Souls.

Where,  
to call you,  
Love?,  
in a World of a deaf God ?,  
who left you your Angels,  
abandoned,  
on the streets of the Curses,  
worshiped by the Creator,  
of our Destinies,  
dark,  
learned, to do spells and charms,  
black,  
to the Nights of Words,  
on which we address them,  
to the Souls,  
whose steps,  
we barely make them together anymore,  
whose steps,  
we barely make them together anymore,



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being illuminated,  
only by the shooting stars,  
of the Dreams,  
at the corners of which,  
are only,  
the Brothels of some Happinesses,  
of the Hours paid with the Day,  
what abound,  
in search of a Time,  
so stranger by us,  
so that only Death,  
would succeed to reconcile us anymore,  
with the Future.

Obliged,  
by Vanity,  
to we perfect us up to perfection,  
the rock of Despair,  
from which to make for us the face carved and false,  
of the Happiness,  
alongside which,  
to lose ourselves in the desert of Inertia  
of a scene of Compromises,  
which we have to play them,  
on the stage of Life,  
only with the house of Destiny closed,  
lest we escape,  
in the realms of the Non-being,  
who no longer suffers,  
and nor can no longer love,  
the false Idols,  
of the Cathedrals of Non-Senses,  
of an Existence,  
of the Despondency,

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in which,  
our role,  
is closely guarded,  
by the Pain,  
which wants to help,  
the Death within us,  
forcing us to sculpt,  
from the clouds of Time,  
Hearts of bitter Stone,  
which we to put them,  
at the chests of petrified Smiles,  
thus enlivening them,  
with the Coins of our Dreams,  
gnawed,  
by so many hands of the Years,  
through which they passed,  
for to buy us the Peace,  
false and perverse,  
of the Crucifixion,  
on the cross of the deceptive Creed,  
what can protect us,  
from the Feelings,  
of the Absolute Truth,  
which we are not allowed to wear,  
at the neck of this World,  
of the Lying,  
where the Angels of Love,  
cry.

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#### **3. You will snow me, Love**

You will snow me, Love,  
with the bodies of the Stars of Immortality,  
which to enlighten my Soul,  
whose Heart of Fire,  
never be extinguished,  
on the Sky of the Dream of your Being.

You will snow me, Love,  
with the wings of your Angels,  
which to snowed up my Way to you,  
without having to cross,  
the clouds of the Vanity of lead,  
brought on by the storms of the Illusions of Death.

You will snow me, Love,  
with rivers of Flames,  
which will trickle,  
on the faces of the Tears of Happiness,  
of to have ever met you,  
and whose hotness,  
to melts the whole Absurd,  
of this World.

You will snow me, Love,  
and don't cease to hide me,  
under the immaculate snows of your Dreams,  
from which to build for me,

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the steps of the Soul toward the Boundlessness,  
where to meet only you.

You will snow me, Love,  
with the Steps of the Eternities of Moments,  
in the Traces of which,  
the Happiness, to can never be covered again,  
with the Falling Stars,  
of some whispers of Pain,  
which have become every time,  
the bridge toward Death.

You will snow me, Love,  
and don't hesitate to come,  
toward the Horizon of Candle,  
of my Being,  
which melts at the soles of Death,  
slowly but surely,  
without your Divine Light,  
which brings the Resurrection,  
everywhere,  
where it runs,  
holding by hand, the Infinite.

You will snow me, Love,  
and show your snows,  
of, Divine Light,  
to the Destiny,  
which being too Alone,  
he chose Death,  
with her Darkness,  
which, can be together with him,  
among the Eternities of Moments,  
which have carelessly passed by him.

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You will snow me, Love,  
and do not hesitate to meet,  
on, the forehead of my Tear of Hope,  
which is dripping on the face of a Time,  
of the Expectations,  
with whose Future,  
want to wrap your Memories,  
so that they do not tremble,  
in the cold of Loneliness, by me myself.

You will snow me, Love,  
with the Boundless Horizons,  
of your Words,  
which I want to host them for you,  
forever,  
in the Hearts of the Eyes of Heaven,  
of my Fulfilled Hopes,  
of to meet your Being,  
which to free me from the grip,  
of the Non-Senses of Existence,  
in which I am held captive,  
by Death.

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#### **4. The Essence of the Vanity of this World**

The more we run,  
after the Eternal Life,  
we do nothing but to embrace,  
even more,  
the Decomposition,  
whereas any Becoming,  
includes in her body,  
the Death,  
as well as,  
each Meaning,  
the Knowledge,  
which is before all Death,  
because it includes in her Soul,  
Transformation,  
Change,  
and Landmarks,  
Moments passing,  
without whom,  
we wouldn't know we know,  
Moments,  
which if they were not mortal,  
we would not exist,  
Never.

And when we want a Love,  
Immortal,  
we don't do anything else,

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than to we give birth to even more Death,  
which, to hold,  
in her Meanings,  
Love.

Death must be in Everything,  
and in All,  
so that we can love.

This is the Essence of the Vanity,  
of this World.

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#### **5. On the dusty streets with vain Expectations**

Petals of Thoughts,  
crushed and naive,  
they rot at the windows of Paradise,  
of the Forgetfulness by ourselves,  
tangling the hair of the Moments,  
shattered by the Memories,  
of the Distances,  
in which we became estranged,  
even the Separation,  
from the shores of the Questions,  
of some Feelings,  
what, have remained definitively without Answers,  
being shipwrecked,  
among the Wrinkles, deep and full of sweat,  
from the forehead of a Tear,  
who still wanders today,  
on the dusty streets,  
with vain Expectations,  
of our Souls,  
whose addresses,  
they were erased from the gates of Hope,  
long before the Weather.



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#### **6. The branches of the deserted Autumns**

Shores hit,  
by the broken dams,  
of the frozen Smiles,  
carried by the waters of the Glances,  
toward Nowhere,  
for to extinguish our Hearts of Fire,  
which still burn smoldering,  
with Memories,  
after the Traces, more and more erased,  
by the cold breaths of the Words,  
that freezes us,  
the Palms of Souls,  
which have embraced,  
somewhere - sometime,  
the Eternity,  
of a Love,  
on which, the Horizons of Lead,  
of the Separation,  
they broke it for us,  
in strips of Feelings,  
which they tied them,  
by the branches of the deserted Autumns,  
of the Loneliness,  
for to make sign through them for the Death,  
which was about to err the Way,  
toward ourselves.

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#### **7. Crucified on the rotten cross of the Feelings**

I wish I could remove,  
the ice Dawns of Destiny,  
on which I slip,  
in the Abyss between,  
the Illusions of Life and Death,  
whose sick Horizons,  
run,  
after the fever of the extinguished lanterns of Dreams,  
and I remain fallen,  
in the boundless depths,  
of the Non-Senses of Existence,  
which separate me,  
from the Truth,  
what he chose to spend the night,  
together with me,  
in, the Death,  
who wrote to me with letters of Forgetfulness,  
an indecipherable and erased,  
I Love You,  
with the blood of the Moments,  
which is still leaking,  
through the veins of the Time,  
staining the Sheets of clouds,  
of the Eyes of your Memory,  
Love,  
on which my Thoughts,  
they have written to you so far,

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when you started to snow,  
over my Life of Ashes,  
with all the Gods of the Commemorations,  
whose snows have melted,  
on the cold, wet asphalt of Forgetfulness,  
remaining banished,  
from the altar of the homeless Days,  
of the Memory,  
which hosts my,  
Loneliness.

I was,  
the tear of the Infinite, which trickle,  
on the forehead of your Glance,  
furrowed by the sweat of the Remorses,  
in which we lose us and today,  
the Hearts, of Ashes,  
that are the bondage of Time,  
on which only his false God,  
of the Cathedrals of vain Promises,  
of a World of Nobody,  
could still recognize them,  
and rekindle,  
when he wanders aimlessly,  
on the deserted streets of the Lonelinesses,  
by ourselves,  
what, they seem to have been lost,  
before all Time,  
what, they want to bite us,  
the Blood of Words,  
frozen in the Indifference,  
which gushes chaotically,  
among the red Sunsets,  
of Vanities.

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We used to dance,  
with all the Springs,  
which have still remained to you to spend,  
on the rusty stalls,  
of the homeless Dreams,  
under whose eaves,  
we are forced to take shelter,  
the Feelings,  
increasingly cold,  
from the cold from our tight and chapped lips,  
of the Hopes,  
at the soles of which we knelt,  
somewhere - sometime,  
giving us bouquets of Promises,  
which seem to have withered,  
long before,  
than all the Eternities of Moments,  
which we have lost them,  
all together.

I remained crucified,  
on the rotten cross of the Feelings,  
from whose chest,  
they're still leaking,  
the Sunrises of the Compromises,  
from which the Illusions of Life and Death,  
of this World sick of Delusion,  
they made a Creed,  
on which they worshiped him,  
in the Icons of the Absurd,  
between the frames of which,  
they painted a face of Love,

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### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

just as fake,  
as is our Truth,  
to which we knelt daily,  
every time we met,  
the Hopes,  
to stay together,  
with ourselves.

We held in vain,  
on the shoulders of the Hopes,  
so much Coldness, heavy and bitter,  
supported on the slippery Words,  
of the Glances,  
which barely manage to move,  
on the ice, of end of World,  
of the Smiles,  
tense and sad,  
on which we lean,  
in vain,  
so as not to fall completely,  
in the deep and endless abyss,  
of the Separation from the Memories,  
that still wrap us,  
the cold Nights,  
of the Insomnias,  
in whose Glances,  
we still manage to lose us sometimes,  
the Eyes of Deceptions,  
in whose Tears of Happiness,  
we swam somewhere - sometime,  
together,  
long before we drowned,  
in the drops of sweat,  
of the Separation,

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what have started to rain with Regrets,  
on the forehead of our Eternity of Moment.

How long should they have waited,  
the dark Dawns of the Future,  
which trample our Hearts of Ashes,  
of the Feelings,  
with the lead steps,  
of the heavy Clouds of shattered Dreams,  
what press us the bodies of Thoughts,  
more and more weakened,  
by the coldness of our Tombs of Words,  
in whose bodies we have buried,  
the Future,  
at whose grave,  
we go sometimes,  
to we light a candle of Smile,  
cold and sad,  
placed on the cross of our Destinies,  
which has begun,  
to be invaded by the weeds full of thorns,  
of the Vanities,  
as proof that No One cares anymore,  
of what we could have become,  
we,  
if we had stayed Together.

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#### **8. On the streets of the deserted Addresses**

Walls of Glances grinded,  
in the mixer of the Hopes of some Vanities,  
they align on the streets of the deserted Addresses,  
from which the Absurd cooks his lunch,  
from every Day homeless,  
between the walls of which,  
we carry the Non-Senses of Existence,  
what have grown so much,  
that they came to occupy,  
the whole space of our Compromises,  
with the World of Nobody,  
that is waiting for us outside,  
just as threatening,  
as it has been every time,  
when it finds out that we are going to meet again,  
the Love,  
instead of playing humbly,  
on the sordid stalls,  
of our own Destinies,  
the roles of Living Statues,  
received as a gift from Death.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **9. Nor a Meaning**

Nothing of All the Deceptions,  
of the Absurd and Vanity,  
of this World lost,  
through the pockets of Sighs,  
you will not find on the wings of the Divine Light,  
of the Love,  
which we want to fly,  
to Infinity,  
lost in the Glances of the Eyes of Sky,  
of the Eternity,  
which we can clothe it,  
in the cold of end of Death,  
only with the extinguished Flames of the Glances,  
from the frozen lips of the Words,  
what they seem to no longer succeed to utter,  
nor a Meaning,  
on whose deck to we cross,  
the zebra of the Good and Evil,  
between me and you  
Love.



## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **10. Lives the Love**

Trivial promises,  
they roll,  
in the snows of the Vanities,  
becoming threatening lumps,  
what can bring down,  
the Eternity of our whole Moment,  
under whose Sky,  
lives the Love,  
what she never wants to admit,  
the Non-Senses of Existence,  
whose bitter roots,  
they stretch unforgiving,  
clothing,  
the Heart of Ashes,  
of the Inferno of to separate us,  
from each other.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **11. In which we wash our Mornings**

Withered petals,  
what they barely support,  
the Horizons of Feelings,  
on their shoulders,  
break the silences of Memories,  
cut into the thorns of the water of the Loneliness,  
in which we wash our Mornings,  
on the cheeks dusty, with Sighs,  
of the Words,  
what they bite from the bleeding flesh,  
of the Moments,  
through whose Thoughts,  
we pass our Life,  
of the Non-Senses of Existence.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **12. We lose our Identity**

It was raining so hard in me,  
so that the roars of Regrets could be heard,  
to the depths,  
in the bowels of the Memory,  
with body of crumpled paper,  
from which the Loneliness,  
it sometimes twists,  
a cigarette of Regrets,  
bitter and wet,  
of the multitude of the Tears,  
which stains her,  
with the smoke of the Future,  
which spreads dizzy,  
between the dirty fingers,  
and full of nicotine,  
of the Time,  
which shows us where to go,  
and in whose mist we lose,  
the Identity.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **13. It's snowing with the Gods**

It's snowing with the Gods,  
romantic,  
over the flames of the Feelings,  
which melt them,  
transforming them,  
in a Wandering fluid,  
what trickles hot to us,  
on the faces of Memories,  
for to be sipped by Death,  
to the last sip,  
thus becoming,  
from the Gods of our immaculate snows of the Love,  
the bouquets of the Flowers of Tears,  
of another World,  
whose Future,  
he is ready to sell them to anyone who wants them,  
around the corners of Destinies,  
of some vain Promises,  
about which Nobody will ever know,  
that the petals which will wither for them,  
in the chipped vases of Thoughts,  
they were once,  
somewhere - sometime,  
our Gods,  
to which our Love worshiped,  
which is no longer among us,  
dying without the Divine Light,

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

at, the head of its Time,  
as it would have deserved,  
whereas none of us,  
we have no longer looked for her ever,  
whereas,  
we had nothing more to say to her.

It's snowing with the Gods,  
over the Horizons of Dreams,  
what, they no longer know how to rise,  
without the help of the Sunsets,  
whose Fire,  
it burns our Feelings,  
on the pyre of a Truth,  
so stranger of us,  
that no matter how many lives we may longer live,  
we will never succeed,  
to understand its Meaning,  
for which it exists among us,  
as being an Illusion.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **14. The deep Wrinkles of the Thoughts**

Regrets knotted in multicolored ribbons,  
of tense Smiles,  
they break at the soles of the Glances lost,  
through the labyrinths of Lonelinesses,  
by ourselves.

Rusty Dreams,  
what barely hold themselves,  
on the deep Wrinkles of the Thoughts,  
they await their eternal Vanity,  
served at every meal,  
of the homeless Day,  
by Death.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **15. Strange and confusing**

We look for our lost Glances,  
through the bitter Labyrinths of the Moments,  
what they smell of Death,  
from the Promises of Love,  
to a God who has forsaken us.

Nowhere, we no longer find,  
a fragment of Smile of a Truth,  
which to comfort us,  
with the creature,  
however strange and confusing,  
would she be,  
of a Hope.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **16. To That Nobody**

We always repeat,  
the same Eternity of Death,  
at the cold and impersonal rehearsals,  
of the Sufferings,  
before which we are obliged,  
to play our sad roles,  
but extravagant,  
of Living Statues,  
roles in which,  
we belong, as every time,  
to that Nobody,  
which we are forced,  
in the cheap play of Absurd Theater,  
of this Life,  
to call him,  
God.



## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **17. The falling stars of Destinies**

Waterfalls, of Days,  
they hit the rocks of the Words,  
on which we address them,  
to the Eyes,  
shouting heartbreaking,  
to the Future,  
in whose breath,  
none of us, we no longer find us,  
the Love  
lost forever,  
through the labyrinth, without a way out,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
through which we still seek it today,  
in vain,  
among the falling stars of Destinies,  
which still illuminates to us the Way of Death.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **18. For sale**

We rotate after the Sun of the Absurd,  
on the gnawed scene of the Pain,  
where we play the roles of Living Statues,  
of the Vanity,  
holding us by the hands of the Illusions of Death,  
so as not to fall completely,  
in the cold and sad whirlwinds,  
of the Life,  
from which we no longer want to demand,  
often,  
Nothing,  
under the heavy and unbreathable clouds of the  
Lonelinesses,  
which kindle us the flames of Nothingness,  
of the Hearts of Ashes,  
what have still remained in us,  
for sale,  
to these Non-Senses of Existence,  
which are our Hopes.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **19. The Infinite of the Feelings of the Absolute Truth**

Walls, of Nightmare,  
they bury us in ourselves,  
so deep,  
that we no longer succeed to pass, Never,  
by the Loneliness of the crowd that surrounds us,  
on the deserted shores of the Hearts of Ashes,  
from which we sip ecstatically,  
the Future of the Nobody,  
we are so thirsty for the Illusion of Love,  
that we are convinced,  
that we have quenched our thirst,  
with the Infinite of the Feelings,  
of the Absolute Truth.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **20. Nobody and Nothing**

It's raining with Fire  
on our Hearts, of Ashes,  
what they sigh among the Words, of Smoke,  
of the sweaty Glances,  
which are suffocated to us,  
from so much,  
soot of tight Smiles,  
which have nothing more to say to us, ever,  
even if they just arrived,  
from the homeless Days,  
of the Love,  
on which we were waiting for her to come,  
together with the Memories,  
and not, to transmit to us through them,  
just her Illusions dearly,  
in an open letter,  
of the Eyes,  
what, they can't to lie us,  
showing us the Truth,  
drowned in the bitterness of vain Dreams,  
so that none,  
we could not believe,  
what happened,  
this time,  
when Love,  
refused to come in person,  
leaving us the Hope,

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

to wander alone,  
waiting for her in vain,  
in the cold of end of World,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
which have started to embrace us,  
the Future,  
what began to tremble,  
from so much cold,  
which Nobody and Nothing,  
could no longer banish him from us.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **21. To please Death**

Waves, of Dawn,  
they strike hard, in the shores of the Souls,  
wanting to banish them the Loneliness,  
hidden in the depths of the Hearts of Ashes,  
of the tombs from the lost Glances,  
of the Words,  
which do not find their place,  
among the more and more perfidious Abysses,  
of the Loves falsified,  
by the Time of the Nobody,  
to be sold over-priced,  
to the Destinies,  
transformed into the sinister roles,  
of the Living Statues,  
which, we have become,  
to please Death.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **22. I'm drowning**

Supported,  
by the forehead of the Absurd,  
I slip,  
shattering into myself,  
deeper and deeper,  
I'm drowning,  
in the ruined Fountain,  
of the Non-Meaning of Existence,  
from which the cups of desert,  
of the Future,  
they draw the brackish Water,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
for to quench my thirst,  
of you Love.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **23. The Eclipse**

I search,  
through the dense fogs,  
of the Remorses,  
the Divine Light,  
of your Soul, Love,  
killed by the Eclipse,  
of my Heart of Ashes,  
when the whole Earth,  
of the bodies of some Words,  
collapsed over the bloody Fire,  
of a Sunset,  
whose wound,  
I have no longer succeeded to heal her,  
and no matter how hard I fought,  
to be able to find myself,  
in the falling stars of the Feelings,  
I collapsed together with them,  
in the Inferno of Loneliness,  
of a Future of the Nobody.



## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **24. The Tears of the Words of sweat**

I run burning by the fever,  
of the Non-Senses of Existence,  
toward the cold Water,  
and without Feeling,  
of the Death,  
from the increasingly exhausted bodies,  
of the Dreams,  
what are no longer able,  
to serve, to nor one Love,  
which passes thoughtfully,  
sailing on the riverbeds of the Wrinkles  
dug into the rock of the Time,  
by the Tears of the Words of sweat,  
which we say them to us,  
to each other,  
in vain.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **25. The frivolous and heavy Steps of the Loneliness of a Separation**

Heavens open to Tears,  
what, they snow with Feelings,  
over the Cathedrals of the Glances,  
in which we pray,  
to the God of Love,  
of each one of us,  
that the Angels, barefoot by Worries,  
of the Promises made to the Immortality,  
to give us,  
Wings, of Divine Light,  
alongside which to we fly,  
to the Eternity of the Moment,  
by which we want in vain,  
to support our Love,  
on which none of us,  
we don't have the strength,  
to look at her,  
in the endless Eyes,  
of the Absolute Truth,

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

and to receive her,  
on the gate of our Destiny,  
what seems to have closed,  
long before,  
than all the Times of this World,  
together,  
by the frivolous and heavy Steps,  
of the Loneliness of a Separation,  
by ourselves.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **26. Gates of Tears**

Windows, of Hearts,  
shed tears,  
on the cheeks of Darkness,  
from the Souls of the unfulfilled Dreams,  
on the glass of which are seen and now,  
the traces of Hopes,  
what, they went through the Thoughts of the Tears,  
which, they fell ill with Forgetfulness.

Heavens of Memories,  
rustle from the wings of Lonelinesses,  
trying to rise in vain,  
to our Hearts of Ashes,  
for to bring us,  
the torches of the old Feelings,  
which Nobody, will no longer succeed,  
to ever rekindle them,  
that to warm ourselves in their flames,  
the frozen Glances of the Words.

Moments lost through the Winters of Indifference,  
they beg to every Remorse,  
in vain,  
a piece of Love,  
without ever receiving her,  
because nor one Remorse,  
she's not so rich anymore,

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

so that to give alms,  
and to others from her bitter fortune.

Gates of Tears,  
they close chaotically,  
leaving behind them,  
so many Questions,  
what, they are waiting anxiously their Answers,  
through the cold and lonely stations,  
of the alienations,  
by ourselves,  
so that even now,  
we hope in vain,  
to reach us,  
the train of Destiny,  
although we know  
that it has been taken out,  
from the course of our own Feelings,  
long before than, the Weather,  
which we want her, to return,  
together with us.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **27. The Palaces of some Regrets**

Bloody distances,  
flow into the hourglasses of the Memories,  
giving birth to a Time of the Nobody,  
of which stumble,  
the Heavens of Lead,  
of the Thoughts,  
what fall over us,  
crushing us,  
with the coldness of the Glances of some Words,  
what demolish us the Cathedrals of Souls,  
and will build from their ruins,  
the Palaces of some Regrets,  
between whose walls,  
to she live a comfortable life,  
finally,  
the Pain.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **28. Only the clouds of some Commas**

Walls of Promises,  
they overshadow us the Eternity of the Moment,  
on which we feel it so distorted,  
that we have the impression,  
that, behind her,  
would never have been,  
our Hearts,  
released by the ashes of the Words,  
which presses them,  
with her indifference.

Only the clouds of some Commas,  
increasingly oppressive,  
they are still watching our Future,  
lost among the rains of Glances,  
of the Remorses,  
whose Hearts of Ice,  
they seem to no longer have, no sense,  
when they trickle to us,  
among the Tears of the Wrinkles,  
of a Time of the Nobody,  
and yet...

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **29. The Divine Breath of the Souls of some Dreams**

The words of the Rains of Memories,  
they flow,  
on the forehead of our Eternity of Moment,  
whose windows we broke together,  
to give them to the Absolute Truth,  
for to enter through them,  
once with the Immortality of Love,  
what was stabbed,  
from behind,  
by the vain Hopes of the Future,  
cold and sad,  
from the cold air of the Mornings,  
of some Wrinkles, deeper and deeper,  
with the chests décolleté,  
by so many Inhibitions,  
of the Words, brightly colored,  
by the diffuse Light,  
of the vain Promises,  
through which we have lost,  
once and for all,  
the Divine Breath,  
of the Souls,  
of some Dreams.



## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **30. I fall on the Horizon of the Heart of Fire**

I slip somewhere indefinitely,  
on the ice of the Words,  
cold and sad,  
although I'm trying to break it,  
with the lost Silences,  
of the Loneliness from myself,  
I fall on the Horizon,  
of the Heart of Fire,  
extinguished long before than the Weather,  
of our falling star,  
from the cut veins of the Hopes,  
what they want to commit suicide,  
before surrendering,  
to the Vanity,  
which we breathe,  
every time we meet,  
with the Destiny,  
who, although he doesn't seem to know what he wants,  
sells us at the same high price,  
of Sufferings,  
to Death,  
which gives whatever,  
just so she doesn't lose us,  
from the Truth,  
of the Non-Senses of her Existence.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **31. To snow with a vain Present**

Corrupt zodiac signs,  
they ended up to steal their own Calendars,  
what are barely living their gnawed Lives,  
of the stars that seem to have fallen,  
long before than all Times,  
in the broken pockets,  
of our Moments,  
which we lost them,  
at the corners of unnamed streets,  
of the Feelings,  
what, they got lost,  
so much, of, us,  
that we have never found them again,  
through, none of,  
the riverbeds of the Wrinkles,  
which, we sailed together,  
braving the waves of sweat,  
of the Unfulfilled Hopes,  
like today,  
to snow  
with a vain Present,

**SORIN CERIN**

**- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and  
love poems**

which snowed up us,  
with the Non-Senses,  
of his own Existence,  
the Illusions of Life and Death,  
which, have still remained to us,  
to knead,  
on cold and sad lips,  
of the Words of the Nobody.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **32. Increasingly corrupted**

Limits shaken,  
they break the cardboard bodies of the Promises,  
in which we pack,  
the Destiny,  
increasingly corrupted,  
by the Labels put by the Illusions of Life,  
to the Future,  
which he wants to sell for Nothing,  
to the Illusions of Death.

Steps past long ago from the first youth,  
of the Pain,  
they wander through the labyrinths of the Questions,  
what seem to have lost their Meanings,  
forever,  
on the deserted shores of the Happenings,  
of that Nobody,  
in which live,  
the homeless Days,  
which we still have them to live.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **33. A crumb of saving Death**

Moments lost on the Way of the Slaves,  
they flow through the deep riverbeds,  
of the Wrinkles of a Time,  
who married with Suffering,  
just to give us Life,  
bitter enough,  
that Illusions,  
to be interested in her taste,  
when they drink us,  
from the cups of desert, of the Destinies,  
the Happiness,  
the unique,  
which has still remained us to spend,  
to feed our Soul,  
with a crumb of saving Death.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **34. In the frames of the Moments**

Open to me, Lord,  
the window of the Soul,  
and look through the dirty glass,  
of her Original Sins,  
which you have given to Destinies,  
to mount her,  
in the frames of the Moments,  
sentenced to Death,  
by the Illusions of Life,  
which you created them for us,  
to feed us,  
the Hearts of Ashes,  
which, they forgot,  
long before,  
than all the Times together,  
how is, to hold tight,  
in the palms of Hopes,  
the burning Fire of a Love.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **35. The Hearts of Wind of the Storm of some Misunderstandings**

I was so much, shore,  
for you Love,  
that the waves of the Dreams,  
they washed my Death,  
from the bodies of the Moments.

I was so much Light,  
that we were snowed with flakes of Hopes,  
over the hair of the Dreams,  
shattered at once,  
by the Hearts of Wind,  
of the Storm of some Misunderstandings,  
what, they walked assorted,  
only with Original Sins,  
after the fashion of the Vanity  
from which we made our home,  
through the veins of the homeless Days,  
of the Pain,  
next to which we remained,  
forever.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **36. Too heavy**

I breathe the strong air of the rock,  
from which the Destiny sculpted us,  
the Eternity of the Moment,  
finally gnawed,  
by the Dreams,  
which have failed to penetrate,  
in the realm of Immortality,  
they being too heavy,  
by so many Original Sins,  
which they had to carry,  
in the Glances fallen,  
from the Paradise of Happiness,  
of an Absolute Truth,  
which they will never know,  
our Wings of lead,  
broken,  
by the bloody Sky of Lonelinesses.



## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **37. In the bodies of Pain of the Moments**

Arrows poisoned by the clouds,  
of the Lead from Words,  
they hit our Dreams,  
bloodied by the Sunsets,  
which, they writh unconscious,  
on the Hearts of Ashes,  
of the Feelings,  
what, have still remained to us,  
for sale to the Illusions of Death,  
which feed our Purpose,  
of to be incarnated,  
in the bodies of Pain of the Moments,  
of the Nobody.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **38. The threshold of Non-being**

Lightning strikes,  
with charred bodies,  
of Memories,  
over the foreign Horizons,  
by the flowing blood of Hopes,  
which, they leak,  
in the cold and impersonal dust,  
of the bodies of some Words,  
which decompose,  
in the Glances of the Illusions of Death,  
without we ever succeeding,  
to communicate,  
with the World of a Love,  
what can not be ours,  
without crossing the threshold,  
of Non-being,  
which is waiting for us,  
in every Moment,  
through, whose Heart we pass,  
igniting its pulsations,  
until no longer remains,  
Nothing of us.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **39. Of so much Time**

Barren promises,  
they give life lessons to Love,  
pointing to, the books with lead letters,  
whose authors are,  
the Illusions of Life and Death,  
to which we are obliged,  
to worship,  
Nobody's Happiness.

Rusty tears,  
they trickle,  
moistening with bitterness,  
the forehead of the Time of some Dreams,  
which we wanted to wear them,  
on the cold of end of World,  
what took shelter on the lips of the Words,  
more and more attractive,  
for Death,  
about which none of us knew,  
that it was, of so much Time,  
in us.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **40. Emperor without an Empire**

Questions distorted,  
by the thick Clouds,  
of the Glances fallen,  
in the endless Void,  
of the Souls,  
lied by Creation,  
that they are born,  
to ascend,  
to the Heavens of the Words,  
that never die,  
no matter how cold it wouldbe on their lips,  
tired of the eternal frosts,  
of the Absurd,  
on which, the Non-incidentally Happening,  
made him Emperor without an Empire,  
of a World of the Nobody.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **41. Under the heavy soles of the Clouds of Memories**

Whole chains of Hopes,  
of the Vanity,  
they handcuff us the Dreams,  
under the heavy soles,  
of the Clouds of Memories,  
that crush us,  
even the Compromises,  
made with the Feelings,  
what, they want to ascend,  
to the Hearts of the Words,  
without knowing that these,  
no more pulsing,  
for the Future,  
but they became,  
long before, than the weather,  
the ashes of a Forgetfulness,  
carried by the Winds of Autumns,  
of a blood,  
of the Loneliness,  
which flows indifferently,  
from the wound of the Regrets.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **42. From the lava of Memories**

I breathe the exhausted shoulders,  
of the Conscience,  
ready to erupt,  
from the bowels of the Questions,  
whose lava,  
it will petrify,  
on the slopes,  
of the Years whitened,  
by the pains of creation,  
of some Feelings,  
which will sculpt,  
from the lava of Memories,  
cooled with the indifference of the Forgetfulness,  
the Hearts of Stone,  
increasingly large and impersonal,  
for to be put,  
in the chests of the Words,  
which we still have them to utter,  
to the Absurd,  
which keeps you locked up,  
behind the bars of a Destiny,  
of the Nobody,  
Love.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **43. The bricks of glory of the Pain**

Windows open,  
toward the Boundlessness,  
they want to break our Time,  
in countless shards,  
of the Wounds,  
placed on the arches of the Horizons,  
used by the watches,  
worn by Forgetfulness,  
at, the hand of her own Destiny,  
tattooed with the distressing Vanity,  
of the Vanities,  
ready to show us,  
how important are for us in this World,  
of the Nobody,  
the Non-Senses of Existence,  
from which, the Illusions build for them,  
the bricks of glory, of the Pain.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **44. At the flea markets of the Words**

I run, wandering,  
through the murky labyrinths,  
of the Compromises,  
which stock up,  
every Morning,  
from flea markets,  
of the Words,  
where, you find Phrases,  
from the most distant Times,  
sold on Nothing,  
to the Consciences,  
who are ready to put them on,  
for to hide under their fabrics,  
often,  
degraded and moldy,  
the corpulent forms,  
of the Meanings,  
which they want them, forgotten,  
forever,  
even by the Illusions of Life and Death,  
of an Existence,  
of the Absurd,  
overwhelmed,  
of the invincible greatness,  
of the Vanity,  
which killed you,  
Love.



## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **45. Our sterile Destinies**

Bridges of palms,  
which no longer reunite, long ago,  
the shores of the Truth,  
they have the eyelids of Dreams drawn,  
over the weeping eyes,  
of the Tears of some Words,  
petrified and confused,  
what, they barely succeed,  
to link several Meanings,  
which we to cross them,  
along with the Feelings,  
which have remained on the other shore,  
of the Infidelity,  
of a corrupt God,  
from the cathedrals of the Promises,  
from which,  
you can not receive, nothing else,  
than barren Promises,  
what, they aborted,  
our sterile Destinies,  
which are afraid,  
to not they get sick with microbes,  
of our desires for Freedom.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **46. Our Dreams spent the night**

Depressed wrinkles,  
lie propped up,  
by the indifferent fences,  
of our Cemeteries of Words,  
ready to overshadow us,  
any Love,  
what, would try,  
to cross the threshold from beyond,  
where she would be free,  
from all obstacles,  
of this Destiny of the Nobody,  
worn on the shoulders,  
of our Souls,  
so widowed,  
by ourselves,  
which we are,  
long before, than the Absurd,  
of all Meanings,  
which have guided us so far,  
a World that separates itself,  
determined and firm,  
from everything that ever meant,  
to be Truth,  
on the cold lips,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
covered by the ice of homeless Memories,  
in which our Dreams spent the night.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **47. The Cathedrals of the Lonelinesses**

Strings rusty of Searches,  
they give us Vibrations,  
to the Souls,  
handcuffed,  
by, the Freedom,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
ready to give us,  
the Happiness,  
of the Prisons,  
increasingly numerous,  
from the Hearts of Ashes,  
of the mutilated Saints,  
of the Questions,  
clothed,  
every time,  
only in the deserted Horizons,  
of some Answers,  
which they give us every time,  
the Cathedrals of the Lonelinesses,  
oppressive and sad,  
to ourselves.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **48. They cut our Way to the Truth**

It was raining so hard,  
with the Tears of the Meanings,  
so that the whole Horizon of the Loneliness,  
has withered,  
in our Hearts of Fire,  
which were extinguished,  
under the Eyes of Sky,  
of a Love,  
so misunderstood,  
by the Saints of Words,  
so that they,  
were able,  
they to cut our Way to the Truth,  
leaving their families,  
of some Religions of Love,  
what, they lived,  
on the walls full of mold,  
of our Souls,  
on which still hang,  
the Miracle-Making Icons,  
of the Prides and Compromises,  
of some Non-Senses of Existence.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **49. The fever of the Loneliness of Self**

I never believed,  
that we will become Falling Stars,  
on the vault,  
of the Clouds of Dreams,  
what, have started,  
to pour their Unrests,  
of the Thunders and Lightnings,  
of some Failures,  
in the Rains,  
of bitter roots,  
of the Misunderstandings,  
over which,  
none of us,  
we never succeeded to pass,  
without us being hurt,  
with the deep wounds,  
infected with the fever,  
of the Loneliness of Self,  
which stopped us,  
the Hearts of the Words,  
what, they seemed,  
that, they have nothing more to say to us,

**SORIN CERIN**

**- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and  
love poems**

in all this race,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
for which the Non-Senses of Existence,  
are the most important,  
achievements of the Creator,  
of the Absurd and Vanity,  
of our World.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **50. Above the Night of Meanings**

Wings of lead,  
they have received the Angels of Love,  
on the Sky of decomposed Souls,  
of the deserted streets,  
from our Hearts of Ashes,  
on which we run,  
without a specific purpose,  
hoping,  
to find the address,  
of the homeless Words,  
to which we can offer,  
a roof,  
above the Night of Meanings,  
increasingly sick,  
from our Glances.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **51. The Sky of End of World of the Separation**

The horizons of cardboard,  
of the Hopes,  
they fold,  
on the eyelids of Thoughts,  
to protect them,  
from the bright light,  
of the Feelings,  
more and more burning,  
whose flames,  
they set us on fire,  
the flammable bodies,  
of the Words,  
at whose fire,  
we want to warm up,  
the cold palms of the Meanings,  
increasingly aggressive,  
with the Sky of End of World,  
of the Separation,  
what started,  
to snow with Moments,  
on which will no longer unpack them,  
none of us,  
from the boxes,  
in which, the Eternity has packed them for us,  
for to remain forever,  
together.



## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **52. Which separates us**

Dawns with dark circles,  
and full of Compromises,  
made with the Night in us,  
what seems, that they can't wake up anymore,  
from the sleep,  
which has put to sleep their Soul,  
decomposed by the rusty Dreams,  
of the end of Love,  
thrown into the Abyss of the Forgetfulness,  
as if,  
nor would it have existed, nothing,  
ever,  
Abyss,  
which separates us,  
so much of ourselves,  
that,  
no matter how hard we try,  
to find our Hearts of Fire,  
which to rekindle us,  
the Day of Meanings,  
is in vain.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **53. Covered by the poisonous Lead**

It rains torrentially,  
with Unrests and Regrets,  
over the shirts,  
of the Tears of some Dreams,  
which trickle,  
on dusty windows,  
of the Hopes,  
increasingly dirty and oppressive,  
which, they break their wings,  
covered by the poisonous Lead,  
of the Future of the Nobody,  
in which Destiny built us,  
the Love.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **54. About a Great Love**

I am burning,  
trying to embrace the Icon,  
of your Heart of Fire,  
whose Divine Light,  
became,  
the sum of all my Meanings,  
which now,  
they look at me helplessly,  
between the moldy frames,  
of the Time,  
which separates us,  
from the Immortality of Love,  
guarded by the cold and defiant Nothingness,  
of the Non-Senses of this Existence,  
which have stolen you from me,  
from the Sky of Dreams,  
so that to place you,  
among the Saints of my Life,  
arrested and they,  
among the Walls of Words,  
whose lips frozen,  
they are still building,

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

Cathedrals of Compromises,  
in the Hearts of Ashes,  
of the Lonelinesses,  
from the weakened bodies,  
of the Memories,  
increasingly withered and confused,  
when they want to tell us,  
about a Great Love,  
which was shipwrecked,  
on the oceans of Wrinkles,  
of the Feelings,  
which none of us,  
we no longer know how to navigate.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **55. We should have addressed them to us**

Leaves of ashes,  
lie scattered by the winds of Oblivion,  
from the Hearts of Asphalt,  
of the Steps of the Nobody.

The foreheads frowned by Deceptions,  
they run on the streets lacking of reflexes,  
of the Glances, opaque and deaf,  
which no longer respond to the greetings of the Dawn,  
long before, than the Weather,  
of the Loneliness,  
of the Graves dug in the Words,  
which we should have addressed them to us.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **56. The cold and abundant Tempests**

Bitter walls,  
of clenched Smiles,  
they handle better than anyone,  
the scissors of Words,  
ready to cut any Thought,  
no matter how resistant it would be,  
at the cold and abundant Tempests,  
of the Non-Senses of Existence,  
from which we are obliged,  
to build our Death,  
with the art and scrupulousness,  
which we have learned,  
from, the Absurd and the Vanity,  
of this World.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **57. A Love**

Roots of Truth,  
run through the dust of the Words,  
in which we incarnated,  
the Suffering of this World,  
of the Vanity,  
from which Nobody,  
has never managed to escape,  
without the help of Death,  
which obliges us,  
to leave everything,  
to these Non-Senses of Existence,  
including the roles of living statues,  
of the Absurd,  
which we have played them,  
with the houses of Destinies closed,  
where we received as a reward,  
a Love.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **58. A Time**

The nausea,  
has opened wide its windows,  
of the Truth,  
overlooking the wide boulevards,  
of the Compromises,  
increasingly oppressive,  
which the Absurd makes them,  
to some Promises,  
which have built,  
the cathedrals full of Pain,  
of this World,  
which needs the Salvation,  
by ourselves,  
more than ever,  
Now,  
in the blood leaked in vain,  
of a Time,  
of the Love,  
which I discovered,  
in your Eyes of Sky,  
a Time,  
which I did not know him,



## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

truly, never,  
and which could become,  
the hero who to defeat us,  
the Death,  
giving his own Life,  
in exchange for our release,  
from the spell,  
of the Non-Senses of Existence.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **59. Regrets and Remorses**

Melted distances,  
in the cold and repellent Asphalt,  
of the Separations,  
ready to go uninterrupted,  
until beyond any trace,  
of our Souls,  
what could longer remind,  
ever by us,  
who we were, somewhere - sometime,  
a fortress,  
on which the Loneliness,  
failed to conquer it,  
together with her cortege,  
of Regrets and Remorses,  
which we are obliged,  
now,  
to we serve them,  
at the tables of our Moments,  
every day,  
with the best Pains.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **60. The Hooks of Hopes**

It thundered powerful,  
with Lightnings broken,  
from the Blood of Memories,  
whose Smiles of dew,  
have started to dry,  
since they were laid out,  
by the Non-Senses of Existence,  
on the strings of the Horizons  
where they lie and now,  
hanging with the Hooks of Hopes,  
Hooks that,  
from finding out the news,  
that they would have been sold,  
to the Vanity,  
becoming,  
Vain Hopes,  
they no longer want to detach,  
remaining stiffened,  
by the dry and sad Smiles,  
which have still remained to us.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **61. Buds of Tears**

It was raining with gusts of Feelings,  
which poured in torrents,  
over the Hearts of Ashes,  
what seemed to be extinguished,  
long before, than the Weather,  
which had deposited its lead of Despair,  
over the Distances,  
of a Love,  
lost among the roots of the Lonelinesses,  
from which they began,  
to sprout,  
buds of Tears,  
on whose faces,  
no drop of Happiness,  
it could no longer to trickle ever,  
without being deleted,  
by the Non-Senses of Existence.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **62. They trickle on the faces of the Tears**

Reasons,  
which are barely discerned,  
in the fog of Meanings,  
sold at pile,  
along with Promises,  
by the Absurd of the Consciences,  
which was absent every time,  
from the lessons of the Truth,  
held in unsanitary schools,  
of the late Nights,  
of some Feelings,  
sick with insomnia,  
of so many drops,  
of Dreams,  
which, they trickle,  
on the faces of the Tears,  
increasingly wrinkled,  
by the Remorses,  
of the Loneliness.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **63. The Pain of a World of the Infinity**

Bricks of Memories  
they detach from the walls of Thoughts,  
more and more ruined,  
by the cold and black asphalt,  
of the Sky of some Glances,  
of the Distances, by ourselves,  
the lost,  
by our own role,  
of Living Statues,  
of an Absurd,  
which has decided,  
to bear the name,  
of our Love,  
although he never met her,  
only to show us that he is,  
alongside the Non-Senses,  
in which we incarnated by birth,  
the Pain of a World,  
of the Infinity,  
which sighs and now after us.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **64. The Markets of Destinies**

Deep roots of Meanings,  
they sip the Tears of the dust,  
in which we incarnated,  
the Pain,  
which we will sell her,  
to the Vanities,  
from the frozen stalls,  
in the rust of Existential Non-Meaning,  
of some Glances,  
wandering and indifferent,  
which rummage,  
the Markets of Destinies,  
where counterfeit Loves are sold,  
and roles carefully censored,  
by the Illusions of Life,  
which are to be interpreted by,  
our own Future,  
on the stage of the Absurd Theater,  
of the Death.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **65. Through our Souls**

Colored umbrellas,  
of Smiles,  
they protect us from the torrential rains,  
of the Glances,  
of some Memories,  
which have unleashed,  
on the shoulders of the Dawn,  
cold and indifferent,  
of some Words,  
with dark circles and exhausted,  
after the long and dark Night,  
of the Meanings,  
which, they didn't let them,  
not at all,  
not even a bit of Time,  
for to rest,  
through our Souls,  
sick of Love.



## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **66. Desert cups of Nobody's Future**

Arcades over, the Time,  
which flows impassively,  
on the foreheads of the Tears,  
furrowed by so many Horizons,  
of the Nobody,  
which decompose,  
under the eaves of the Dawn,  
forsaken by forces,  
of the vain Expectations,  
torn from the pages,  
crumpled and gnawed,  
of the Vanities,  
but strictly numbered,  
by,  
the Non-Senses of Existence,  
on which, the Creation wrote to us,  
the whole recipe of Sufferings,  
which we have to mix,  
in the gray liquid which is Life,  
for to be drank,  
by us,  
from desert cups,  
of Nobody's Future.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **67. False Dice carved from the body of Death**

Nothing is more often falsified,  
in this World,  
than the Loves,  
which have become,  
false and blunted Dice,  
of so many Turmoils,  
between the hard fingers,  
of a God,  
of the Nobody.

Loves,  
with, Hearts of false Dice,  
carved from the body of Death,  
which would be thrown anyway,  
on the game tables of the Saints,  
of so many extinguished Hearts of Fire,  
they will still come out Non-winning,  
for us,  
but winning,  
for the Death which lies hidden,  
in each cell,  
from the body of our Dreams.

The dice falsified,  
which will be thrown with contempt,  
at the roulettes which spin without stopping,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

Happiness and Truth,  
until when Destiny,  
he will count them the faces of false Dice,  
and full of spiritual Dirt,  
brought from the construction sites,  
of the Cathedrals of Illusions under construction,  
where we are obliged to put,  
the bricks of the Pains,  
to build with them,  
high Walls of Remorses,  
what will they take even more in slavery,  
our Lives.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **68. Incontestable Truth of the Happiness**

Feelings,  
that have lost their,  
Balance,  
they are desperately looking for,  
medicinal Herbs,  
among the decomposed Horizons,  
of the Glances,  
without knowing,  
that these too were lost,  
on the winding streets,  
of the homeless Days,  
between the walls of which,  
we are sheltered,  
by the Vanities,  
which promise us,  
we will regain back,  
the Love,  
if we receive them,  
without opposing,  
in our Hearts Extinguished by Fire,  
the whole Absurd,  
which they want to promote it,  
to the rank,  
of incontestable Truth,  
of the Happiness.

**SORIN CERIN**

**- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and  
love poems**

**69. The naked Walls of our Souls**

Wings of Angels,  
they lost their ascending Flight,  
to the falsified roulette wheels of the Destiny,  
of this World.

On the foreheads of the Tears,  
trickles down to us,  
the ice sweat,  
of the Remorses,  
what they sweat,  
moistening the naked Walls,  
of our Souls,  
whose Icons,  
who have forsaken their Saints,  
begin to weep,  
with the cold and black drops,  
of the Regrets,  
which have washed the asphalt of the Distances,  
on whose shoulders we get lost,  
by ourselves.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **70. On the Window of the vain Hopes**

Deaf storms,  
break the Horizons of the Memories,  
by the increasingly thick Walls,  
behind which,  
our Souls hide,  
which run among the shards of Truths,  
cutting with them the Time,  
at the soles of his Days of Ashes,  
burned in the fire of end of World,  
of the Separation,  
by ourselves,  
sealed by the Word of Fire,  
which has no longer found its purpose,  
and has left forever,  
without ever baking us again,  
the tender dough of the Love,  
which finally becomes moldy,  
and we had to throw it away,  
on the Window of the vain Hopes,  
from the sill of which,  
and now we look, in vain,  
how the Horizons of Memories break.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **71. From the bodies of the Falling Stars**

Hearts of bitter Stone,  
sculpted by Destinies,  
from the bodies of the Falling Stars,  
they are waiting for their chests of the Moments,  
for to be carried,  
on the streets of the Vanities,  
for to be admired,  
by the motley crowds of Sufferings,  
which will tell to the Absurd,  
how attractive they can be,  
when they can crush,  
any hostile Feeling,  
with their weight, coldness and indifference,  
so that they ended up being sold overpriced  
especially to the Cemeteries of Hopes,  
which want to carve for them,  
from their strong stone,  
lasting tombs, of Words.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **72. A deceptive and sad appearance**

It's a suffocating Agglomeration,  
of happy or sad Wrinkles,  
what want to attend,  
full of a morbid curiosity,  
at the Falling Stars parade,  
applauded from the tribune of Heaven,  
by the Absurd and the Vanity,  
of the Non-Senses of Existence,  
which have taken root,  
in this part of the Universe,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
where the Satisfaction,  
is obtained, only paid,  
with enough Suffering,  
so that the Smile of Happiness,  
is most often,  
a deceptive and sad appearance,  
of the Destiny.



## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **73. Enough many Wrinkles**

Cold and arrogant dawns,  
they sell us the homeless Days,  
in which we must be hosted,  
only on extremely expensive Tears,  
on the faces of which to drip,  
enough many Wrinkles,  
obtained with so much Suffering,  
by the Non-Senses of Existence,  
so that, we would often prefer,  
to we become a Heart of the Forgetfulness,  
by ourselves,  
what to beat only in the chest,  
of an Illusion of Death,  
which to no longer knows,  
the Illusion of Life,  
never.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **74. In the image and likeness of the Suffering**

Black distances,  
are lost on the cold Horizons,  
of the Meanings,  
clothed with Tears,  
on the faces of which trickle,  
whole tombs of Words,  
what, they lose even and the meaning of Death,  
that gave birth to them,  
on the old and deserted stalls,  
of the Feelings,  
from which we build,  
a Future in the image and likeness,  
of the Suffering,  
who created this World for us,  
of the Horrors.

## **SORIN CERIN**

### **- Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems**

#### **75. We are a dusty Showcase**

Each of us,  
we are a dusty Showcase,  
by the decaying bodies,  
of the dead Moments,  
whose Illusions of ephemeral Lives,  
we have crossed them,  
and in which are placed,  
only cups of desert,  
from which Destinies can drink,  
when they are exhausted,  
of so many Guidances,  
which they addressed to us,  
for to carry,  
the Suffering necessary for the Illusions of Death,  
on the mount of Sighs,  
Non-Senses of the Existence,  
which have built the World of Compromises,  
in which we live.

## **SORIN CERIN**

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#### **76. Bloody clouds of Remorses**

The distances have injected,  
into the veins of the Sky of Words,  
bloody clouds of Remorses,  
what fall on the lips of the Dust,  
in which we incarnated,  
the Dreams and Hopes,  
next to the poison,  
of the Non-Senses of Existence,  
left in the cold depths of Non-Being,  
by the Unconscious Creator,  
of the Illusions of Life and Death,  
who knew that we would come,  
somewhere - sometime,  
for to enliven through Pain,  
all these Horrors.

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**77. We build our walls of the vain Hopes**

Expectations gnawed,  
by the gusts of the torrential Rains,  
of Moments,  
whose steps,  
they pass over the forehead of the Thoughts,  
cold and insalubrious,  
which always stumble,  
by the Pain fallen,  
at the soles of Impatience,  
trampled at the feet,  
of the hot Tears,  
of the End of World,  
from our Souls,  
so sick, of Love,  
that they began,  
to kindle, with their fever,  
the Time,  
from whose ashes,  
we build our walls,  
of the Vain Hopes.

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#### **78. Falling Stars of Pain**

I'm wondering why,  
we want to Climb every time,  
only the steps of the clouds of Suffering ?,  
the only steps,  
left in this World,  
by the Non-Senses of Existence.

Not because we know,  
that behind these steps,  
is the Sky of Infinity?  
about whose Stars,  
we find out every time,  
too late,  
that they are stolen,  
in the Nights of the Feelings,  
by the Illusions of Life and Death,  
which break them,  
with all the brilliance,  
from the tree of Eternity,  
of this Universe,  
of the Love,  
for to throw them,  
on the Horizons of our Loneliness,  
where are extinguished,  
making from them,  
Falling Stars of Pain.

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#### **79. Without ever Knowing**

We run,  
on the zebra crowded,  
with Depressions and Pains,  
of the Good and Evil,  
of which we hit us continuously,  
without ever Knowing,  
why we are obliged,  
to collect them, on each one separately,  
for to give them,  
to vain Hopes,  
when we meet them,  
together with the Destiny,  
who never wanted to tell us,  
who exactly are we,  
because we have been sold,  
with all the Non-Senses of our Existence,  
to the Illusions of Death?

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#### **80. The Pain of a World**

Traces,  
with the soles of the Thoughts unwashed,  
by the mud of the Dust,  
in which we incarnated,  
they speak to us irreverently,  
on the muddy roads,  
of our Souls,  
fallen from the Tree of Knowledge,  
of a Love of the Nobody,  
directly in the Pain of a World,  
on which only the Non-Senses of Existence,  
can understand it,  
when they sit at the table,  
with the Illusions of Death,  
to which they gave it.



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#### **81. From the riverbeds of the Wrinkles**

Dry tears,  
they cry out to us helplessly,  
to save them,  
from the riverbeds of the Wrinkles of some Days,  
which we will no longer meet them,  
ever,  
on the window sill,  
of a Love,  
broken into thousands of shards,  
from which they arose,  
Graves of Words,  
as sharp and cold as possible,  
ready to receive us,  
the bloody soles,  
of the Feelings,  
in their funeral kingdom,  
which left even Death surprised,  
by the greatness of their Darkness.

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#### **82. The sorrowful Light of this Day**

Wings of Angels,  
carried on the Heavens of Dreams of pitch,  
of the Illusions of Death,  
they collapse silent,  
on the forehead of the Tears,  
which trickle on the ice of the Souls,  
of some Tombs of Words,  
on which none,  
of our Hearts of Fire,  
what they beat in the chests of the Moments,  
which we have ever spent,  
Together,  
would never have said them,  
to, the Non-incidentally Happening,  
what we were to become,  
once with the incarnation,  
in the dust moistened with the sweat,  
of the Non-Senses of Existence,  
of this World,  
of the Muds of Feelings,  
which seem never to dry up,  
on the face of the Truth,  
which remained stuck in them,  
covering his whole body,  
for to not let him ever see,  
the sorrowful Light of this Day,  
of the Loneliness, by ourselves.

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## **Critical appreciations about the poetry of meditation**

**PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély**, at the Babeș-Bolyai University of Cluj-Napoca, emphasizes in the Romanian magazine *Contemporanul* (The Contemporary), no. 10, October 2020, on page 5, under the title, *Gnoses of Sorin Cerin*, that: The multitude of phrases written in capital letters (Nobody's World; The Deep Trace of Pain; The Darkness of Loneliness; The Labyrinth of the Absurd, etc.) indicate the existence of a precise conceptual system within the religious-philosophical poetry of Sorin Cerin, which obviously draws its sap from an ethos, of Christian-Gnostic essence, with the remark that, the canonical protagonists of classical Christianity (Jesus, Mary, the Devil, etc.) do not appear in the soteriological discourse of

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the volume, although the spiritual finality of the approach is beyond any doubt, because the poet constantly invokes, as the final target of his aspiration, Love, the Eye of Dream, of the Perfection or the Path to Absolute, of the Future. The dichotomous regime of the keywords of the volume is also of Christian origin, because within them the Absolute and the Absurd face, as in Manichaeism, for example, the fate of the world is decided by the battle between the Being of the Light and the Prince of the Darkness. I have deliberately mentioned Manichaeism as a possible source of inspiration for the cosmology created by Sorin Cerin, because, like the ancient apocalypse (that is, of the texts-revelation), the poet opposes the dispersion induced by materiality by building his own mythology, very carefully conceptualized. This is what the great masters of early Christianity did, taking over a tradition that came from pre-Christian times, when, caught in the illusions of the versatile, metamorphic worlds (The Prince of Darkness in Manichaeism is also a metamorphic demiurge, able to give Matter the most attractive forms, not to mention the Maya to the Hindus), the scholar built an independent autarchic universe (or myth), which being of spiritual (crystalline) origin, offered him the "temple" necessary for the soteriological exercise. Carefully, then, at every detail of this "temple" (which could be a bamboo grove, a monastery in newer times or even a Book), the scholar

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purified himself with each pebble he placed on the wall of his edifice, finally covering himself with it as if he were doing it with a halo of light. Sorin Cerin's poetry contributes, through each new verse, through each new poem or collection, to the construction of such an autarchic (Autarky) spiritual system. Therefore, the poet's terminology has a precise intrinsic logic: when he says that any Cathedral of the Absurd is built with matter taken from death, when he writes about the Subconscious Stranger or the Frozen Words floating around us like thorns of ice, the meaning of these phrases must be sought within the mythographic system created by the poet, and not interpreted by extrapolation. Let us try, therefore, to decrypt the symbolic and narrative structure of this myth, in order to understand its meaning. The universe that the poet evokes in his verses is one of the endings of cosmic cycle, being, therefore, one of eschatological origin. There are, in it, "cemeteries of words ," "ruined cathedrals," cluttered dawns, which "crumble," or "broken windows of Heaven," in which "it rains with sharp shards, of moments." We will not find anywhere in the perimeter of this universe, which seems inspired by the ruins suspended in ether, of the Giovanni Battista Piranesi, no space of compensation or refuge, the ruin and the dispersion being ubiquitous. Thus, the black, hopeless geography of the volume suggests bringing the faith into an extreme state, of maceration

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(Thomas d'Aquino's *acedia*, also interpreted as a torpor), a stage of annulment of being, from which start, further, two alternative paths: that of renunciation and death, respectively that of courage and hope, the purpose of extreme dispersion being to suggest that even in the most prejudicial situations, the life of faith has sufficient inner resources for ascension and "rebirth," because no matter how opaque the world around us would be, there are still, in its deep texture, enough "seeds of love", which to we gather them to build a salvation. Sorin Cerin's poetry appears to us, therefore, as one marked by a paradoxical spiritualist optimism, functioning with the logic of an inverted world. The poet constructs, with fervor and syntactic skill, an anti-world (the world of "cemeteries of words", of frozen meanings, the world of "sharp shards" and the Absurd), which, in the end, is meant to test his faith and to turn him to the redemptive horizon of the Absolute. In quantitative terms, the words and images of the volume belong mainly to the dispersed world, to "loss, cold and indifferent forgetfulness", to the Absurd, that is, to an eschatological climate, which the Faith has the call to transcend and correct. The poet goes, however, even further, proposing a cosmology, of the dualistic type, from the category of those used in Gnosis. Let's try to understand it, starting from the poem in the volume, entitled *Where we will be forced to stay*:

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\*We embarked, /on the ship of the Vanity, /with the name of Happiness, /without we knowing, /that the ports in which will dock, /are those of the Pain and Absurd, /followed in the end, /by the one called, Death, /where we will be forced to stay, /forever, /separated from the identity of Love, /what will be stolen from us, /by another Destiny, /what will no longer belong to us, /for to be carried in the distances, /of the Heart of Fire, /of the Eternity of the Moment, /given somewhere sometime, /by your Glances, /now lost, /among the Flowers of Tears, .of the Memories.\*

It is not the only place where Sorin Cerin talks about an aboulitic, deceptive destiny, in which humanity was "closed", cloistered against its will. In this case, the "ship of vanity" docks in ports with exclusively negative connotations, but it is not at all certain that the passengers wanted such a "cruise", their destiny carrying them adrift, against their own will, for superior reasons, which they cannot control. In another poem in the volume there is a "God of No One", who made the world (or at least part of it) "without understanding" that it must be composed (and) of love. This "careless" demiurge has operated, from the very beginning on a negative axiological selection, stopping people from reaching the values of the Good directly or hiding the positive ones. The axial term of the whole complex is the Subconscious Stranger, "which - the poet writes - we have been forbidden to

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know". Consequently, mankind let itself caught in a premeditated cosmic "mistake," which hindered its path to fulfillment, that is, to Love. The Subconscious Stranger appears in several of Sorin Cerin's poems, he having the force of an obsession, with recuperative value. Living in the torn, dispersed universe of "absurd" materiality, the poet does nothing but move away from the Subconscious Stranger, salvation demanding, on the contrary, a path in the opposite direction, towards the recovery of the Subconscious and its putting in harmony with the Absolute. The precondition of "return" (an essential term for Gnosis) represents it, the internalization of Love: the sharing, from its substance, the preparation of transfiguration. Thus, having all the constitutive elements of the poet's personal poetic mythology, we can only reconstruct it. The starting point is, as in Gnosis, the existence of a "Foreign God" (called by the poet, the God of No One), who mispronounced, "carelessly" the Words of Genesis, revealing - without wanting, probably - a world unilaterally abstract, "absurd," in which the human spirit is put to the test. The will does not help them either, as we have seen that it happens with the metaphor of the drifting ship, because the world was created from the beginning wrong, with the normal meanings reversed. The major symbol of the volume expresses, therefore, a metaphysical trap: the human being is caught in an ironic "game", of



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eschatological type, from which, apparently, he has no way out. But the impasse turns out to be only apparent, because the builder of his own sublime edifice, that is, the poet, has specific, soteriological powers, through which the gate of salvation opens. All these powers are anti-systemic, ie anti-eschatological. Did "God of No One" put wrong words in the world which he created? The poet's purpose is to find the true ones - and to write them, in order to make them accessible and to those around him. Has the world headed, unknowingly, to wandering, dryness, and dispersion?: the poet's purpose is to find meanings, significations and sources of energy, and to show them and to others, in order to replace the fragmented world with the promise of a beautiful, whole, bright one. Did the forces of matter stand in the way of the Absurd and of opacity? The purpose of the poet - and, implicitly, of man - is to plant Love in souls and to return toward the Absolute. Anyone can operate these essentialized retroversions, because, in the end, poet and man mean, in Sorin Cerin's system of thinking, about the same thing: two qualitatively related hypostases of the religious man, of the One who Believes.

**PhD Professor Al Cistelean** within the heading Avant la lettre, under the title Between reflection and attitude, appeared in the magazine Familia nr.11-12 November-

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December 2015, pag.16-18, Al Cistelean considers about the poetry of meditation, of Sorin Cerin, that:

"From what I see, Sorin Cerin is a kind of volcano textually, in continuously, and maximum eruption, with a writing equally frantic, as and, of convictions. In poetry, relies on gusts reflexive and on the sapiential enthusiasm, cultivating, how says alone in the subtitle of the Non-sense of the Existence, from here the poems "of meditation".

One approach among all risky - not of today, yesterday, but from always - because he tend to mix where not even is, the work of poetry, making a kind of philosophizing versified, and willy-nilly, all kinds of punishments and morality.

Not anymore is case to remind ourselves of the words said by Maiorescu, to Panait Cerna, about "philosophical poetry," because the poet, them knows, and, he very well, and precisely that wants to face: the risk of to work only in idea, and, of to subordinate the imaginative, to the conceptual.

Truth be told, it's not for Sorin Cerin, no danger in this sense, for he is in fact a passional, and never reach the serenity and tranquility Apolline of the thought, on the contrary, recites with pathos rather from within a trauma which he tries to a exorcise, and to sublimates, into radical than from inside any peace of thought or a reflexive harmonies.

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Even what sounds like an idea nude, transcribed often aphoristic, is actually a burst of attitude, a transcript of emotion - not with coldness, but rather with heat (was also remarked, moreover, manner more prophetic of the enunciations).

But, how the method, of, the taking off, lyrical, consists in a kind of elevation of everything that comes, up to the dignity of articulating their reflexive (from where the listing, any references to immediately, whether biographical or more than that), the poems by Cerin, undertake steep in the equations big existential and definitive, and they not lose time in, domestic confessions.

They attack the Principle of reality, not its accidents. Thus, everything is raised to a dignity problematic, if no and of other nature, and prepared for a processing, densified.

Risks of the formula, arise fatal, and here, because is seen immediately the mechanism of to promote the reality to dignity of the lyrism.

One of the mechanisms comes from expressionist heritage (without that Sorin Cerin to have something else in common with the expressionists), of the capitalized letter, through which establishes suddenly and unpredictably, or humility radicalized , or panic in front of majesty of the word.

Usually the uppercase, baptizes the stratum "conceptual" (even if some concepts are metaphors), signaling the problematic alert.

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It is true, Sorin Cerin makes excess and wastage, of the upperside, such that, from a while, they do not more create, any panic, no godliness, because abundance them calms effects of this kind, and spoil them into a sort of grandiloquence.

The other mechanism of the elevation in dignity rely on a certain - perhaps assumed, perhaps premeditated - pretentious discourse, on a thickening lexical, and on a deep and serious declamation.

It is insinuated - of lest, even establishes - and here is an obvious procedure of imaginative recipe, redundant over tolerant.

How is and normal - even inevitable - in a lyrical of reflection what wants to coagulate around certain cores conceptual, the modality immediate of awareness of these nodes conceptual, consists in materializing the abstractions, making them sensual is just their way of to do epiphany lyrical.

But at, Sorin Cerin, imaginative mechanics is based on a simple use of the genitive, which materialize the abstractions, (from where endless pictures like "the thorns of the Truth," "chimney sweeps of the Fulfillments," "the brushes of Deceptions" etc. etc.), under, which most often is a button of personification.

On the scale of decantation in metaphors we stand, thus, only on the first steps, what produces simultaneously, an effect of candor imaginative (or discursive), but and one of uniformity.

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Probable but that this confidence in the primary processes is due to the stake on decanting of the thought, stake which let, in subsidiary, the imaginative action (and on the one symbolized more so) as such.

But not how many or what ideas roam, through Sorin Cerin's poems are, however the most relevant, thing (the idea, generally, but and in this particular case, has a degree of indifference, to lyricism).

On the contrary, in way somewhat paradoxically, decisive, not only defining, it's the attitude in which they gather, the affect in which coagulates.

Beneath the appearance of a speech projected on "thought", Sorin Cerin promotes, in fact, an lyricism (about put to dry) of, emotions existential (not of intimate emotions).

The reflexivity of the poems is not, from this perspective, than a kind of penitential attitude, an expression of hierarchies, of violent emotions.

Passionate layer is, in reality, the one that shake, and he sees himself in almost all its components, from the ones of blaming, to the ones of piety, or tenderness sublimated (or, on the contrary, becoming sentimentalist again).

The poet is, in substance, an exasperated of state of the world and the human condition and starting from here, makes exercises with sarcasm (cruel, at least, as, gush), on account of "consumer society" or on that of the vanity of "Illusions of the Existence".

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It's a fever of a figures of style that contains a curse, which gives impetus to the lyrics, but which especially highlights discursive, the exasperation in front of this general degradation.

So general, that she comprised and transcendental, for Sorin Cerin is more than irritated by the instrumentalization of the God (and, of the faith) in the world today.

Irritation in front of corruption the sacred, reaches climax, in lyrics of maximum, nerve blasphemous ("Wickedness of Devil is called Evil, / while of the God, Good. ", but and others, no less provocative and" infamous " at the address the Godhead); but this does not happen, than because of the intensity and purity of his own faith (Stefan Borbely highlighted the energy of fervor from the poetry of Cerin), from a kind of devotional absolutism.

For that not the lyrics, of challenge and blame, do, actually Cerin, on the contrary: lyrics of devotion desperate and passionate, through which him seeks "on Our True God / so different from the one of cathedrals of knee scratched / at the cold walls and inert of the greed of the Illusion of Life ".

It is the devotional fever from on, the reverse, of imprecations and sarcasm, but precisely she is the one that contaminates all the poems.

From a layer of ideals, squashed, comes out, with verve passionate, the attitudes, of Cerin, attitudes eruptive,

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no matter how, they would be encoded in a lyrical of reflections. "

#### **PhD Professor Elvira Sorohan - An existentialist poet of the 21st Century**

To fully understand the literary chronicle written by Elvira Sorohan in *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", which refers to an article written by Magda Cârneci regarding Trans-poetry, and published in *România literară*, "Romania literary", where specified what namely is poetry genuine, brilliant, the great poetry, on which a envies the poets of the last century, Elvira Sorohan, specifies in the chronicle dedicated to the poetry of Cerin, from, *Convorbiri Literare*, "Literary Conversations", number 9 (237), pages 25-28, 2015 under the title *An existentialist poet of the 21st century*, that:

Without understanding what is "trans-poetry", which probably is not more poetry, invoking a term coined by Magda Cârneci, I more read, however, poetry today and now I'm trying to say something about one certain.

Dissatisfied of "insufficiency of contemporary poetry" in the same article from in *România literară*, "Literary Romania", reasonably poetess accuses in block, how, that what "delivers" now the creators of poetry, are not than notations of "little feeling", "small despairs" and "small thinking. "

Paraphrasing it on Maiorescu, harsh critical of the diminutives cultivated by Alecsandri, you can not say than that poetry resulting from such notation is also low (to the cube, if enumeration stops at three).

The cause identified by Magda Cârneci, would be the lack of inspiration, that tension psychical, specific the

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men of art, an experience spontaneous, what gives birth, uncontrollably, at creation.

It is moment inspiring, in the case of poetry, charged of impulses affective, impossible to defeated rationally, an impulse on that it you have or do not it have, and, of, which is responsible the vocation.

Simple, this is the problem, you have vocation, you have inspiration.

I have not really an opinion formed about poetry of Magda Cârneci, and I can not know, how often inspiration visits her, but if this state is a grace, longer the case to look for recipes for to a induces ?

And yet, in the name of the guild, preoccupation the poetess, for the desired state, focuses interrogative: "... the capital question that arises is the following: how do we to have access more often, more controlled and not just by accident, to those states intense, at the despised <inspiration>, at those levels, others of ours, for which the poetry has always been a witness (sic!) privileged ".

We do not know whom belongs the contempt, but we know that the inspiration is of the poet born, not made.

The latter not being than a craftsman and an artist.

I have in front three volumes of lyrics of the poet, less known and not devoid of inspiration, Sorin Cerin, ordered in a logical decrescendo, understandable, Non - sense of the Existence, the Great silences, Death, all appeared in 2015, at the Publishing Paco, from Bucharest.

After the titular ideas, immediately is striking, and poetic vocabulary of the first poem, and you're greeted with the phrase "Illusion of Life" that spelled with capital letters.

It is, in substance, an expression inherited from vocabulary consecrated of the existentialist, enough to suspect what brand will have the poems.



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Move forward with reading, being curious to see you how the poet remains on same chord of background, and how deep, how seriously lives in this idea, not at all new.

And it is not new for that the roots of the existentialism, reformulated modern, draw their sap from the skepticism of biblical, melancholic Ecclesiastes, discouraged, in the tragic consciousness of finitude as destiny.

It is the King biblical, an, existentialist *avant la lettre*.

He discovers that " weather is to you be born, and a time is to die", otherwise "all is hunting of wind".

What else can be said new in our time, even in personal formula, when the existentialism has been intensively supported philosophically, in centuries XIX, and, XX, from Kierkegaard and up to Sartre, with specific nuances.

A poem in the terms, of the existentialism status, more can interested the being of the our days, slave of the visual image and the Internet, only through adaptations or additions updated, complementary the central idea, and not finally, by the power of the return over of the self.

It is about what you are trying to achieve the poet Sorin Cerin, leaving us, from the beginning, the impression that he lives the miracle creative, the inspiration.

Wanting to guide the reader to search for a specific kind of poetry cultivated in these volumes (with one and the same cover), author subtitled them, *ne varietur* "Poems of meditation", as and are at the level of ideas.

But how deep and how personal, is the meditation, you can not say than at the end of reading, when you synthesize what namely aspects of ontology and from what

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perspective, intellectual and emotional, then develop the poet.

Certainly, the existentialist poetry vocabulary universal, recognizable, is now redistributed in another topic, what leads to combinations surprising of new, some daring, or terribly tough, such as those concerning the church.

Reading only one of the three volumes is like as you then read on all, are singing on same chord with minimal renewal from, a poem to another.

The poet closes in a unitary conceptual sphere, from here the specific rhetoric.

Wherever you open one of the volumes, you are in the center of the universe poetic of the same ideas, the same attitude of skepticism outraged.

At the level of language, the same vocabulary, well-tuned with the conceptual sphere, is recombined in new and new phrases with updates related to today's environment, and even immediately of the Being, thrown into the world to atone for the "Original Sin".

It is known, because sages said, "Eva's son does not live in a world devoid of wails".

The ambition to build a personal meditation, impossible to achieve at the level of poetic vocabulary, already tired, is compensated by the art of combination of the words, without being able to avoid redundant frequency of some phrases.

The most frequent, sometimes deliberately placed and twice in the same poem is "Illusion of Life".

Dozens of others keywords, complementary, surprises by ostentatious use, to emphasize the idea of "Non-sense of Existence".

Are preferred, series of words written with uppercase: "Moment," "Immortality," "Illusion," "Absurd,"

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"Silence," "Death," "Eternity", "Absolute Truth", "Dream", "Free Will", "Original Sin", "Love", "Loneliness", "Alienation", "God" and many others.

The phrase brings here and now, living problematized of the existence is "Consumer Society".

Is released from poetry a frenzy of duplication of word, what supports the idea.

Often this exuberant energy of rearrangement of words, covers what you looking for in poems composed on one and the same theme, namely, living intense affective of feeling of "illusion of life" inside, not outside.

Here, we more mention of manner to distinguish the expressive words spelled with a capital letter.

Rain of uppercase tends to flood few basic meanings of the poems.

And more there's a particularity, the punctuation.

After each verse, finished or not as, understood, grammatical or not, it put a comma; the point is put preferably only after the last verse.

Otherwise than biblical Ecclesiastes, our poet, more revolted, than melancholic, do hierarchies of vanities pretty little ordered that you to can follow clear ideas.

The significances is agglomerating, in one and the same poem, like *Hierarchy of the Vanity*.

But it's not the only one.

Of blame can be contemporary reality which provokes on multiple planes, poet's sensibility.

The word "the vanity" is engaged in a combination serious, sharp, put to accompany even the phenomenon of birth of the world, for to suggest, finally, by joins culinary very original, willfully, vulgar, disgust, "nausea", à la Sartre, left behind by the consciousness of the absurd of existence.

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I sent at the poem, Industry Meat Existential: "Plow of the Vanity dig deep, / in the dust of the Existence, / wanting to sow the genes of the Illusion of Life, / for to be born the World, / after a prolonged gestation, / in womb without limits, of the Lie, / that rests on Truth for to exist, / ... ravens blacks of the thoughts, / by developing, / A true Industry of the Meat Existential, / beginning, / from steaks of, dreams on the barbecue of the Absurd, / up to, / sausage of highest quality of the Hopelessness. "

What you find in this poem: paradox, nonsense, nihilism, disillusionment, dreams made ashes, all this and more will multiply, kaleidoscopic recombine in all creation contained in these volumes.

If, the notions and synthetic concepts contained in words maintains their meaning constant, the fate of the "word" is not the same, seems to go toward exhaustion, as and the force of renewal of poetry.

Have and the words their fate, apart from poetry, as the poet says.

At first, paradoxically, "Autumn sentimental" is forsaken by the "harvests passionate of words" frantically collected, by the temper ignited of the poet in love only of certain words, those from existentialist semantics.

Sometimes, "Flocks, of words, / furrow the sky of Memories".

In registry changed, the word is tormented as a tool of media, violent, rightly incriminated of poet: "Words lacustrine / cry in pots of Martyrs, / put at the windows of brothels of Newspapers ...".

Is deplored the fate of the words employed unusual, grotesque: "At butchery of Words, / in the street corner of the Destiny / are sold bones of phrases rotten, / legs of meanings for fried ...".

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And with this fragment I have illustrated the originality resentful word combinations, which give free course the ideas, a poetic attitude provoked by the revolt against the nonsense of existence.

Ultimately is metaphorise "the winter of the Words, / which snows over our Days ..." and is deplored their fate, the falling "in the Mud, of some Words, / obscene and full of invective", and finally, their death: "Cemeteries of words are strung in the souls, / what they will and hopes at Resurrection ...".

Here the words came back to poetry.

But, the word is only the tool what not is only of the poet's, only of his, is the problem of background of existence illusory, perceived as such, in the existentialism terms from the early 21st century.

This is the core, the leitmotif of dozens of poems signed by Sorin Cerin, distributed studied, I suppose symbolic numerological, in each volume 77 each, neither more or less.

From the seed of this idea generously sown, rises for the poet tired of so much, kneaded thinking: "Herbs of questions what float lazily over the eyelids / of the Sunset, / what barely can keep ajar, / in the horizon of some Answers, / what appear to be migrated toward the cold distances of the Forgetfulness. "

The note meditative of these lyrics is not entirely discouraging.

The poet is neither depressed nor anxious, because he has a tonic temperament.

He always goes from the beginning with undefeated statements the will, to understand, without accepting, as, thus, may to return toward the knowledge of self.

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In poetic images rare, is outlined a kind of summary of poetic discourse, focused in the poetry The Hierarchy of the Vanity, ended in contemporaneity terms of the absurd.

It's a way to renew what was more said, that "we eat absurd on bread."

The plural indicates in poet an exponent in the name of man in general, "the granite" signifying the mystery impenetrable, of which is now facing "cane thoughtfully" "climbed up on the rocks of Life / we want to understand the granite as it is, / a reed conscious of self.

|| Demolish the pillars of Nature of the Illusion of Life, / trying to put in their place, / A Dream far stranger of ourselves. || ruined the Weakness , / ... becoming our own wrecks, / what wander to nowhere. || ...

Would be the eyes of Consumer Society made only to/ watch the Hierarchy of the Vanities?

Love that would deserve a comment of the nuances at which send the poetic images, is in the Dream and reality, an: " icon attached to the walls of the cold and insensitive, / of a cathedral of licentiousness, as is the Consumer Society, / which us consumes the lives / for a Sens what we will not him know, never. "

Beyond the game of words, is noted, the noun seriously, what cancels altogether the sacredness of the cathedral.

It's a transfer of meanings produced by the permanent revolt poured out upon the type of society we live in.

Our life, the poet laments in the Feline Existential: "is sells expensive at the counter of the Destiny / for to flavor the Debauchery, / subscriber with card of pleasures, all right / at the Consumer Society." / ... "Empty promises / and have lost keys of the Fulfillment / and now make,

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Moral to the cartel of Laws / alongside the prostitutes politicians, of the moment ".

Violent language, as poetic arrows thrown and against terrible degradation of politics, gives free course to the ideas, a type nihilistic rebellion, raised to the rank of principle.

Absolutely current target is even more evident when, in the poem, the Game of the Life with Death,, is criminalized in much the same terms, "Consumer Society Famine garden, / as, great athletes, of cutting of incomes / hysterical and false, scales of the Policy, / us skimp sparingly each, Moment ... ".

Changing the subject, vocable "moment" in relation to "eternity", updates a note from the arsenal of specific words from the language of the great existentialist thinker who was the mystic Kierkegaard.

After how attitudes clearly atheist, when it comes to God and the church, in the poems of Cerin , update hardness of language, with particularities of existentialism of Sartre, while Mathematics of the existence and many other poem, us bring back into the cultural memory the image of that "monde cassé" perceived critical by the frenchman Gabriel Marcel.

Perhaps the most dense in complementary concepts the "existence", between the first poems of the first volume, is Lewdness.

Are attempts to give definitions, to put things in relationship through inversion with sense, again very serious accusatory, like the one with address at "monastery".

Sure, unhappiness of the being that writes such poetry, comes not only from the consciousness of the fall of man in the world under the divine curse, but and from what

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would be a consequence, rejection, up to the blasphemy of the need for God.

The interrogation, from the poetry, Lewdness, which, seems that leaves to the reader the freedom of to give particular answers, it's a trick of the poet aware of what affirms, at masked mode: "The existence is a ghost caught between two dreams, Space and / Time./ Peace will always be indebted to the War with her own / weapons, Vanity of Democracy and Dictatorship ./ Which Lewdness has not its monastery and which murder /her democracy?"

The poem continues with a new definition of "Existence" as a "gamble", accompanied by "Hope", never left at the mercy of "free will", which would give to man the freedom to change anything. It remains only the freedom of the being to judge her own existence, eternal fenced to can overcome the absurd.

Nature demonstrative of the poet him condemns, extroversion, at excesses, that, scatters, too generous what has gathered hardly from the library of his own life and of books.

Paradoxically, the same temperament is the source of power to live authentic feeling of alienation and accentuated loneliness, until to feel his soul as a "house in ruins", from which, gone, the being, fallen into "Nothingness", more has chance, of to be, doomed "Eternity".

Remain many other comments of made at few words the poet's favorite, written with upper case.

But, about, "Love", "God", "Church," "Absurd", "Moment and Eternity", "Silence" and "Death" maybe another time.

Would deserve, because this poet is not lacked of inspiration so coveted by others, as wrote poet Magda Cârneci, but he must beware of the danger of remaining an



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*artifex*, and yet not to step too pressed the footsteps from Bacovia or Emil Botta, toward of not them disfigure through excess.

**Ana Blandiana:** "The poetry of meditation on which a writes Sorin Cerin is not a versification of philosophical truths, but a interweaving of revelations, about these truths. And the ratio of intensity of these revelations and doubt from which are constructed the truths is precisely the philosopher's stone of this poetry. Moreover, secrecy of being able to fasten the lightning of the revelation is a problem as subtle as that of keeping solar energy from warm days into the ones cold. "

**PhD Professor Theodor Codreanu:** "Sorin Cerin is a paradoxist aphoristic thinker, of, a great mobility of the mind, who controls masterfully the antitheses, joining them oxymoronically, or alternating them chiasmatic, in issues with major stakes from our spiritual and social life. Poetry from, the Free Will, is an extension of his manner of meditation, imbuing it with a suitable dose of kynism (within the meaning given to the word by Peter Sloterdijk), succeeding, simultaneously the performance, of to remain in the authentic lyricism even when blames "Ravens vulgar, necrophiliacs and necrophagous, of the Dreams".

**PhD Professor Ioan Holban :** "About the expressiveness and richness of meanings transmitted to the Other, by silence, Lucian Blaga wrote anthological pages. The poet of today writes, in Great Silences, a poetry of religious sentiment, not of pulpit, but, in thought with God, in meditation and in the streak of lightning of thought toward the moment of Creation. Sorin Cerin's poetry is of an other Cain wandering in the wilderness, keeping still

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fragments from the joy of Eden, to exit from "Vise" of the world, where, at the fallen man, collapses the horizon of soul, in the rains of fire and traces of lead. "

**PhD Professor Maria Ana Tupan** : "The lyrical meditations of Sorin Cerin have something from the paradoxical mixture of despair and energy of the uprising from Emil Cioran's philosophical essays. The notification of tragicallness and grotesque of the existence, does not lead to psychical paralysis, but to nihilism exorcised and blasphemous. Quarrel with "adulterine God" - appellation shocking, but very expressive for the idea, of, original sin of ... God who must be conceived the evil world through adultery with Satan - receives, accents sarcastic in vignettes of a Bibles desacralized, with a Creator who works to firmament at a table of blacksmith, and a Devil in whom were melded all rebels hippy-rap-punk-porto-Rican:

[...] Stars alcoholic, of a universe, greedy, paltry and cynical, drinking by God at the table of Creation,

on the lachrymose heavens of Happiness, scrawled, with graffiti by Devil,

If the poet has set in the poem, To a barbecue. an exercise of Urmuz, success is perfect. Not only, ingenious jumps deadly for the logic of identity from one ontological level to another, we admire here, but and tropism, of, a baroque inventiveness of an Eucharist inside out, because in a universe of the life toward death, the one that is broken is the spirit, the word, to reveal a flesh ... Deleuze, animal, described as the meticulous anatomical map of a medical student. The poet us surprise by novelty and revelation of the definition aphoristic, because after the first moment of surprise, we accept the moralizing scenery of the time, with a past, dead, a future alive, and a present, illusory, contrary to common sentiment, that the lived life is our ego

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certainly, that only the present really exists, and that the future is a pure hypothesis. Cerin, redefines the human being as, finding the authenticity in multiplication mental of ternal reality and as existentialist project ".

**PhD Professor Mircea Muthu:** "The desperation to find a Sens to the contemporary existence fill the poetic testimony of Sorin Cerin, in which the twilight of language, associated with "broken hourglass" of time, is, felt - with acuity tragic - of, "our words tortured."

"Meditation, turned towards self itself, of "the mirrors of the question" or of "the eyes" fabulous, of the Ocean endlessly, is macerated at the same temperature febrile, of voltaic arc, enunciated - in short - of the phrase "rains of fire".

**PhD Professor Cornel Ungureanu :** "Sorin Cerin proposes a poetic speech about how to pass " beyond ", a reflection and a meditation that always needs capital letters. With capital letters, words can bear the accents pressed of the author who walks. with so much energy on the realms, beautiful crossed by those endowed with the grace of the priesthood. Sorin Cerin ritualization times of the poetic deconstruction, if is to we understand properly the unfolding of the lyrics under the flag of the title. "

**PhD Professor Ion Vlad :**"Sorin Cerin has defined his poems from the book " The Great Silences ", " poems of meditation ". Undoubtedly, reflexivity is the dominant of his creation, chaired by interrogations, riots, unrest and dramatic research of SILENCE, topos of the doubts, of the audacity, and, of the adventure of the spirit, in the permanent search of the truth, and his poetry follows to an

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axiology of an intense dramatic. Is the lyric of the lucidity, meditation and of genuine lyricism ".

#### **Ph.D. Lecturer Laura Lazăr Zăvăleanu:**

"Intellectual formed at the school Bucharest, but sensing the need to claim it admiringly, from the critical model, of the school Cluj, where he identify his exemplary models in the teachers, Ion Vlad and Mircea Muthu, Sorin Cerin builds and the poetry intertextual, because the poet of the Great Silences, declares all over, his experts, identified here, intrinsically, with Blaga ( through philosophical reflection and prosodic structure, sometimes deliberately modeled after Poems of light) and Arghezi. The very title of the volume, the Great Silences, impose the imperative, of an implicit dialogue with the poetry of Arghezi bearing the same title. At the searches feverish from the Psalms of Arghezi, of a God called to appear, answer them here the interpellations indefatigably of an apostate, believer, that is torn in the wilderness of the thought and of image broken mirrored by the world declared, between love denouncer, and affectionate revolt, between curse incantatory and disguised prayer, of eternally in love, without being able, to decline, in reality, fervor, although the word has experimented, aesthetic, the whole lexicon, blasphemously and apocalyptic. A duplicity of salvation, in fact, that - shouting the drama of alienation and of introspection missed, as and the impotence of the meeting with the other, or fear of overlapping with him, in a world whose meaning is wandered into "darkness of the camps of ideas", at the interference of a time and of a space reached ' at the end of border "- gives birth, in the litany, *'a rebours*, the signs of creation redeemed, in full feast cynical, "on the table of potter of love".

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**PhD Professor Călin Teuțișan:** "Poetry of Sorin Cerin declaim a fatal nostalgia of the Sense. Thinking poetic trying his recovery, from disparate fragments, brought back together by labor lyrical, imagining a possible map reconstituted, even fragmentary, of the world, but especially of the being. Using of metaphors, neo-visionary, is context of reference of these poems, crossed, from time to time, of parables of the real, "read" in the key symbolic, but and ironical. Cynicism is entirely absent in the lyrics of Sorin Cerin. This means that the lyrical personage, what speaks in this pages, namely, consciousness lyrical, put an ethics pressure over reality, thus forcing her to assume own forgotten truths. "

**PhD Professor Cornel Moraru:** "Prophet of existential nothingness, the poet is part of category of the moralists, summing up in a fleeting manner, precepts aphoristic, and rough projections from a ecstatic vision of the end of the world. His meditations develops a furious rhetoric on theme "nonsense of Existence", although expressing more doubts than certainties, and questions than answers. The intensity of involvement in this endeavor lyrical, touches, at a time, odds extremes: from jubilation to sarcasm, and from indignation again at ecstasy ... "

**PhD Professor Ovidiu Moceanu:**"Through the cemeteries of the dreams, volume signed by Sorin Cerin, poetry of the great existential questions seeks a new status, by building in texts which communicate underground, an image of man interrogative. "Cathedral of the existence" has her pitfalls, "Absolute truth" seems unattainable, "White Lilies of the truth" can kill, "if not ventilates pantry of mind," the poetic ego discovers rather a "God too bitter" ... All these are expressions of a state of great inner tension,

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in which the lucidity has wounded the revelation, and has limited the full living of the meaning of existence. "

**PhD Professor Dumitru Chioaru:** "Speech prophetic, philosophical or poetic? - It's hard to determine in which fits texts of Sorin Cerin . The author, then incorporates on all three into a personal formula, seemingly antiquated, aesthetic, but, speaking with breath of, *poeta vates*, last words before Apocalypse. An apocalypse in which the world desacralized and dominated by false values, ends in order to can regenerate through Word ".

**PhD Professor Ștefan Borbély:** "Spirit deeply and sincerely religious, Sorin Cerin desperate search for the diamond hidden in the darkness of the rubble, of the ashes. A whole arsenal of the modernity negative - cups of the wilderness, water of the forgetfulness, slaughterhouses, the feast continuous of suffering, monkey of rotten wood, etc., etc. - is called to denounce in his lyrics, "lethal weapons of the consumer society" and "the madhouse" of the alienation by merchantability of our everyday existence. The tone is apodictically, passionate, prophetic, does not admit shades or replicas. "The new steps of faith" are enunciated peremptorily as hope of the salvation collective, "divine light" it shimmers in, deliverer, at end, still distant of the torture, but on the moment, the poet seems to be preoccupied exclusively rhetoric eschatological, glimpsing decadence, resignation moral or ruins almost everywhere where it can to walk or look "

**Gheorghe Andrei Neagu:** "Defining for, this writer seems to be rightfully, the doubt, as the cornerstone of his poems (Mistake pg.73). I congratulate the author, for his stylistic boldness from " From the eyes of the divine light,

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page 81, as well as from the other sins, nestled in his creator bosom. I think Romanian literature has in Sorin Cerin a writer 3rd millennium that must be addressed with more insistence by criticism of speciality"

**Marian Odangiu:** "Lyrical poetry of Sorin Cerin is one, of, the essential questions: the relationship of the Being with the Divinity, in a world of increasingly more distorted by point of view of value, -and distortionary the same time!-, disappearance of some fundamental benchmarks - attracting after themselves of interrogations overwhelming, and infinite anxieties - absence all more disturbing of some Truths, which to pave the way to Salvation, deep doubts demotivating on the Meaning of Life, absurd raised at the rank of existential reason, feeds the fear and anxieties of the poet. Such, his lyrics develop a veritable rhetoric of despair, in which, like an insect hallucinated of Light, the author launching unanswered questions, seeking confirmations where these entered from far in dissolution, sailing pained, but lucid, through images and metaphors elevated and convincing poignancy, builds apocalyptic scenarios about Life, Love and Death ... "

**Eugen Evu:** "... Books seem to be objects of worship - culture - own testament of a ceremonial ... of, the neo-knowledge, Socratic-Platonic under sign, " the General Governing of the Genesis " for instance. What is worth considered is also, the transparent imperative of the author to communicate in native language, Romanian. The loneliness attributed the Sacred, is however of the human being, in her hypostasis reductive, of the human condition .... How Vineanu wrote the poet sees his ideas, or the mirroring in the ' room with mirrors ' of the universal library. A destiny, of course, personal, largely assumed,

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nota bene. In the volume, the Political, at the extreme of H. R. Patapievici poet is well cognizant of the problem Eliade, of the "fall of the human in politikon zoon"... Between rationalism and irrationalism, Sorin Cerin sailing on the Interconnection Ocean. "

## Books published

### *Sapiential Literature*

#### *Volumes of aphorisms*

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- Culegere de Întelepciune Sorin Cerin: 16777 Aforisme Filozofice-Opere Complete-Editia2020, the United States of America 2020, Sorin Cerin Wisdom Collection:16777 Philosophical Aphorisms-Complete Works -2020Edition contains **16777** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- The Future of Artificial Intelligence -philosophical aphorisms, contains **3135** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- The Philosophy of Artificial Intelligence - philosophical aphorisms, contains **4162** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- Destinul Inteligenței Artificiale Conține un număr de **505** aforisme, Statele Unite ale Americii 2020 ; Destiny of Artificial Intelligence **505** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- Iubire și Absurd contains **449** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019 ; Love and Absurd contains **449** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2020



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- Impactul Inteligenței Artificiale asupra Omenirii contains **445** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; The Impact of Artificial Intelligence on Mankind **445** aphorisms, the United States of America 2019
- Credință și Sfințenie la Om și Mașină contains **749** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019 ; Faith and Holiness at Man and Machine **749** aphorisms, the United States of America 2019
- Necunoscutul absurd contains **630** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; The Unknown Absurd philosophical aphorisms, contains **630** aphorisms, the United States of America 2020
- Viitorul îndepărtat al omenirii contains **727** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; The Far Future of Mankind contains **727** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019
- Culegere de Înțelepciune – Aforisme filosofice esențiale – Ediția 2019 contains **13222** aphorisms - Statele Unite ale Americii 2019
- Dovada Existenței Lumii de Apoi contains **709** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019; Proof of the Existence of the Afterlife World contains **709** aphorisms, Statele Unite ale Americii 2019
- Culegere de Înțelepciune - Opere Complete de Aforisme - Ediție de Referință the United States of America 2019; Wisdom Collection - Complete Works of Aphorisms - Reference Edition 2019 , contains **12513 aphorisms**- the United States of America 2019
- Judecători the United States of America 2019 ; Judges –contains 1027 aphorisms, the United States of America 2019

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- Culegere de Înțelepciune - Opere Complete de Aforisme - Editie de Referință Wisdom Collection - Complete Works of Aphorisms - Reference Edition, **contains 11486 aphorisms** structured in 14 volumes previously published in other publishers, which are included in the current collection. 2014
- Dumnezeu și Destin, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2014, God and Destiny, the United States of America, 2014
- Rătăcire, Paco Publishing House, Romania 2013, Wandering, the United States of America, 2014
- Libertate, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2013, Freedom the United States of America, 2013
- Cugetări esențiale, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2013
- Antologie de înțelepciune, the United States of America 2012 Anthology of wisdom , the United States of America, 2012 contains 9578 aphorisms
- Contemplare, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2012, Contemplation, the United States of America, 2012
- Deșertăciune, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2011, Vanity , the United States of America, 2011
- Paradisul și Infernul, Paco Publishing House, Romania 2011, Paradise and Inferno, the United States of America, 2011
- Păcatul, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2011, The Sin, the United States of America, 2011
- Iluminare, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2011 Illumination, contains 693 aphorisms the Unites States of America, 2011
- Culegere de înțelepciune (Wisdom Collection) in which appear for the first time in Romanian the

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volumes *Înțelepciune*(*The book of wisdom*), *Patima* (*The Booh of Passion*) and *Iluzie și Realitate* (*The Book of Illusion and Reality*), together with those reissued as *Nemurire* (*The Book of Immortality*), *Învață să mori*(*The Book of the Dead*) and *Revelații* (*The Book of Revelations*), volumes that appeared both separately and together in the collection in the online or printed English editions of United States, Wisdom Collection **contains 7012 aphorisms** the United States of America 2009

- The Booh of Passion, the United States of America, 2010
- The Book of Illusion and Reality, the United States of America 2010
- The book of wisdom, the United States of America 2010, contains 1492 aphorisms
- Învață să mori, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2009 , The Book of the Dead, the United States of America, 2010, contains 1219 aphorisms
- Nemurire, Paco Publishing House, Romania,2009, The Book of Immortality, the United States of America, 2010, contains 856 aphorisms
- Revelații 21 Decembrie 2012, Paco Publishing House, Romania, 2008, The Book of Revelations, the United States of America, 2010, contains 2509 aphorisms

*Volumes of philosophical studies*

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- Sorin Cerin : The Philosophical Works of the Coaxialism - 2020 Reference Edition the United States of America 2020; Sorin Cerin operele Filozofice ale Coaxialismului- editia 2020 the United States of America 2020

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- Coaxialismul - Editie completa de referinta, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2010 The Coaxialism- Complete reference edition, the United States of America 2011
- Moarte, neant aneant viață și Bilderberg Group, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2010, Value and Hierarchy of the Human Being, the United States of America 2020
- Logica coaxiologică, First edition , Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2014 ; The Coaxiological Logic the United States of America 2020
- Starea de concepțiune în fenomenologia coaxiologică, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2014; The Creation the United States of America 2020
- Antichrist, ființă și iubire, First edition Romania 2007, the second, the United States of America 2012 The Evil, the United States of America 2014
- Iubire the United States of America 2012, Amour the United States of America 2010, Love, the United States of America 2012

#### *Volumes of philosophical poetry*

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- Fără tine Iubire - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019 ; Without you Love - Philosophical and love poems- the United States of America 2021
- Am crezut în Nemărginirea Iubirii -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019 ; I believed in the Eternity of Love - Philosophical poems-the United States of America 2019

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### - Why do the Angels of Love cry?- Philosophical and love poems

- Te-am iubit-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019; I loved you - Philosophical poems-the United States of America 2019
- Să dansăm Iubire -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019 ; Let's dance Love- Philosophical poems the United States of America 2021
- Sfîntenia Iubirii -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2019
- Steaua Nemuririi -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018 The Star of Immortality- Philosophical poems -the United States of America 2018
- Iluzia Mântuirii-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Întâmplare Neîntâmplătoare -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Singuratarea Nemuririi -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Drame de Companie -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Calea spre Absolut -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Dumnezeul meu -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Angoase existențiale-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018 Existential Anguishes - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Mai Singur -Philosophical poemsthe United States of America 2018 ; More lonely - Philosophical poems-the United States of America 2019

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- Pe Umerii Lacrimii Unui Timp -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- În sălbăticia Sângelui -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Început și Sfârșit -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Marea Iluzie a Spargerii Totului Primordial - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Transcendental - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Amințirile Viitorului -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Înțelesul Iubirii – Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Tot ce a rămas din noi este Iubire - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Creația Iubirii - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Zâmbetul este floarea Sufletului - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Omul este o șoaptă mincinoasă a Creației- Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Condiția Umană- Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Agonia-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Iubire și Sacrificiu-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Disperare-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018

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- Statuile Vivante ale Absurdului-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018; The Living Statues of the Absurd - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Arta Absurdului Statuilor Vivante - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Absurd -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Greata și Absurdul -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Alienarea Absurdului-Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Depresiile Absurdului Carismatic –Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Zilele fără adăpost ale Absurdului -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Stelele Căzătoare ale Durerii Lumii de Apoi - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Cunoașterea este adevărata Imagine a Morții - Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Teatrul Absurd- Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018; The Absurd Theater- Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- Vise -Philosophical poemsthe United States of America 2018 ; Dreams- Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018
- În Inima ta de Jar Iubire-Philosophical poemsthe United States of America 2018
- Nemurirea Iubirii -Philosophical poems the United States of America 2018, The Immortality of Love-

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